Jester's Picnic.

William Paulet, though often chairman of com- of the House of Commons, was a great dunce, and carcely read. Having to read a bill for naturalis- alma, Duchess of Kent, he called her "Jeremiah, s of Kent." A gentleman writing to desire a fine he had, offered him any *equivalent*. Lord William that the horse was at his service; but he did not hat to do with the *elephant*. A pamphlet called Snake in the Grass," being reported (probably in be written by this Lord William Paulet, a gen- abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William ed his innocence, and that he was not the author; gentleman would not be satisfied without a de- der his hand. Lord William took a pen, and be- This is to seratify that the buk called the Snak—" my lord," said the person, "I am satisfied; your ip has already convinced me you did not write the

The venerable Dr. Smith was preaching to his rural one of the warmest of last summer's Sunday , and, while he was waxing warmer in his discourse, served also that one of the large lamps at his hand aning and ready to expire. Just as he discovered was exclaiming, in reference to the impracticability pe from the law, "*Which way shall he turn?*" and, that, he put out his hand to give the lamp a turn ghten up the dying luminary; but an officious dea- ear the pulpit seeing that he was turning the wrong nd would have it out in a minute, cried out: *urn to the right*, doctor! turn to the right!" sudden answer to the doctor's question put him mpletely and the lamp at the same time.

darkies in the West went out to hunt possums, by accident found a large cave, with a small en- . Peeping in they discovered three young bear s in the interior.
ook heah, Sam, while I go in dar," said one, "and le young bars, you just watch heah for de ole bar." got asleep in the sun, and when opening his eyes, w the old bear scouring her way into the cave. as a wink he caught her by the tail and held on laxes.
allo, dar, Sam, what dark de hole dar?"
or' bless you, Jumbo, save yourself, honey; if dis me out, you'll find what dark de hole!"

ohn," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what ailer?"
man who makes nails," replied hopeful, quite ly.
ery good. Now what is a tailor?"
ne who makes tails," was the equally quick reply.
, you blockhead," said the dominie, biting his lips; an who makes tails! did you ever!"
o be sure," quoth hopeful—"if the tailor didn't tails to the coats he made, they would all be *jackets!*"
Eh?—ah!—well!—to be sure. I didn't think of that. eats Watts' logic! Go to the head of the class, John— u'll be President of the United States some day."

How to quarrel with your Wife.—(An unfailing receipt.) ait until she is at her toilet, preparatory to going She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. ark that the life of nine-tenths of the women are ed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, wind up with the remark, that you never knew but that had any common sense about her. Wife will ask who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah, you r mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry then? You say, abstractedly, "Ah, why, indeed?" climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is to follow.

Kirchoff, a Prussian chemist, is reported to have dis- covered a process by which milk may be preserved for an definite period. Fresh milk is evaporated by a very ntle heat till it is reduced to a dry powder, which is to kept perfectly dry in a bottle. When required for use, ed only be diluted with a sufficient quantity of water. Jones, who keeps a red cow—over his door—claims original idea of making milk from a white powder, h, he states, may be done without the tedious pro- of evaporation, by using an article well known to London milk venders—namely, chalk.

An Englishman having asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good, Pat replied:
"Yes, they are so fine that I wonder you do not im- port some of them into England. Let me see, there's the road to love, strewed with roses; to honor, through the camp; to prison, through the law; and to the under- taker, through physic."
Have you any road to preferment?" said the Eng- an.
Yes, faith, we have; but that is the dirtiest road in ingdom."

n insane author, once placed in confinement, em- ed most of his time in writing One night, being engaged, by aid of a bright moon, a slight cloud ed over the luminary, when, in an imperious manner, lled out:
Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon."
he cloud, however, became thicker, when he again imed:
The blockhead! see, he has snuffed it entirely out!"

nes, who was pretty successful in bantering an Irish- , when the latter asked him:
How came you to lose your leg?"
Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree, and ng up my descent, I found that there was some Irish in me, and becoming convinced that it had all set- in my left leg, I had it cut off at once."
Be jabers," said Pat, "it 'ud be a good thing if it had settled in your head."

I remember," says Lord Biden, "Mr. Justice Gould ing a case at York, and when he had proceeded for two hours, he observed:
'There are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is twelfth?'
Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he has away about some other business, but he has left his ict with me.'"

Definitions from a popular Dictionary.
ife—A time to make money.
oney—The end of life.
an—A machine for making money.
oman—A machine to spend money.
hildren—Machines to spend it on.
conomy.—Buying things because they are cheap ther you want them or not.

r. Micawber's Advice.—"My other piece of advice, perfield, you know. Annual income—twenty pounds. ual expenditure—nineteen, eleven, six; result—hap- s. Annual income—twenty pounds. Annual ex- diture—twenty pounds, ought, and six; result— ry. The blossom is blighted; the leaf is withered; od of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and, in t, you are forever floored."

hen Nathaniel Lee, commonly called the mad poet, confined during four years of his short life in Bed- a sane idiot of a scribbler mocked his calamity, and rved that it was easy to write like a madman.
No, sir," answered Lee; "it is not so easy to write a madman, but very easy to write like a fool."

hen a lady sits down to the pianoforte, always vol- er to turn over the leaves. To be able to read music no consequence, as you will know she is at the bot- of the page when she stops short. If you turn over leaves at once, you will probably have the secret ks of most of the company.

Yorkshire newspaper, wishing to inform its readers the *Courier of Lyons* and *The Ladies' Battle* will be ormed at the theatre on such a night, says: "The piece will be *Currier of Lyons*, after which will be luced (at the special request of a patroness of the borough Tetotal Society) *The Ladies' Bottle*."

Doctor (looking learned and speaking slow)—Well, iner, what do you want extracted? Is it a molar or cisor?
ack (short and sharp—It is in the upper tier, on the oard side. Bear a hand, you swab, for it's nipping jaw like a lobster.

Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably your brother Charlie.
What is 'honorably,' mother?"
It means that you must give him the largest piece."
Then, mother, I'd rather Charlie should be honor- "

oileau being frequently called upon by an idle, ignor- person, who complained to him that he did not return isits, "Sir," said the French satirist, "we are not n equal terms. You call upon me merely to get rid ur time; when I call upon you I lose mine."

lawyer having occasion to draw up a deed for a bach- wrote in the attestation clause: "I—— ——, nei- married nor likely to be at present (God be praised nfinite mercy), have hereunto set my hand and seal this," etc. It was so recorded.

New York paper, eulogizing a certain preacher, says: He lavishes discourses that a sanhedrim of archangels ght listen to with admiration!"
hy don't the archangels have a meeting and give him !?

re, and I'm heir to an immense estate under my fa- s will. When he died he ordered my elder brother vide the house wid me; and by St Patrick, he did it he took the inside himself, and gave me the outside.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE. ACCOMPLISHMENTS. ARTS. AMUSEMENTS. NEWS.

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THE SCOUT:
—OR,—
THE YOUNG DRAGOON.
A STORY OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

BY EDWARDS KEELER OLMSTED.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

"He talked about the officers here—did he say nothing about the soldiers too?"

"He merely asked—" commenced Agnes, and then overcome by some powerful emotion, she stopped short and trembled violently. The agitation of the witness caused a great sensation in the court, and all eyes were bent upon her. This, of course, increased her distress and trouble, and after an effort to control her feelings, she burst into tears. The grief of a woman whenever and wherever exhibited, never fails to produce an effect even on the sternest hearts, and though the character of those before whom Lieutenant Barnes was now on trial for his life, was by no means exalted, still they were not entirely insensible to the painful emotions of so beautiful a young woman, bearing such a relation to the prisoner as Agnes did. But after allowing time for the impression this created to subdue, the officer who conducted the examination felt it his duty to proceed:

"Witness," he said, "you must subdue your feelings and speak out. However the court may be disposed to sympathize with you in your distress, and they would be less or more than human if they did not, still you must be aware that justice must take its course. We are here in the performance of a stern duty, and that duty must rise paramount to all other considerations. Did you hear the question asked of you?"

"I did," replied Agnes, faintly stifling her sobs.

"But there must be no misunderstanding about the interrogatory. The court does not wish to hurry you into confessions that may prove fatal to your brother. But you must also remember that you are sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Equivocation and prevarication are equally criminal. You have already stated that your brother asked some questions about the officers stationed at this post."

"I did, sir."

"And I then asked—and now ask—whether he made no inquiries respecting the soldiers also. Did he not ask you about the amount of force we had, and what we were going to do?"

The poor girl found herself in a terrible situation—the most terrible that a sister could be placed in. The life or death of a beloved brother hung upon her lips—and yet not to save that dear life from sudden annihilation could she violate her plighted oath—or tamper with the truth which she had always been brought up to regard as sacred. Shivering in every limb she sank upon her knees, and with streaming eyes besought the stern military tribunal to have mercy on her brother.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

AGNES BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL PLEADING FOR HER BROTHER.

"She had better be removed—the case is clear enough, I think," said Colonel Simcoe.

The other members of the court nodded assent.

"We deal in justice, and not in mercy, young lady," said one of the officers. "Your brother shall have justice—that is the utmost we can promise."

"O, do not say so!" cried Agnes, springing to her feet. "Do not let me hear that you repudiate the most angelic attribute of human nature. The justice you would mete out is but stern, military vengeance—and remember who has said 'vengeance is mine—and I will requite it.' Disguise it—phrase it as you will, the condemnation of my poor brother can only be an act of vengeance. Mercy is never lost—it blesses those who accord as well as those who receive it; and if it be not rewarded here—it has its glorious recompense hereafter. Remember that we are all here but for a day—but beyond the portals of the grave there is endless life. To-day you sit in your pomp and pride in judgment on a fellow creature—to-morrow—for yours is a perilous profession—you may yourselves all of you—stand before the judgment-seat of God. Pause, reflect on what you are about. The life of one man is a little thing to you—but, O, to this distressed family, it is everything. Think of what we have suffered—think of the misery that war has brought upon our once peaceful home. Remember that here you have found shelter—that you have eaten of our bread and drank of our cup. The hoofs of your horses have trodden into mire our flowers and our crops—you have consumed our substance, and impoverished the industrious and humble. I bid you think of these things before you bring down yet greater woe upon our heads. What has my brother done? You call him a rebel—his country calls him a patriot. He has been your foe—but he has been an honorable enemy. He has sought you in the field like a soldier, not lurked in ambush in your path, like an assassin. He has never violated the sanctity of humble homes—has never kindled incendiary fires in peaceful hamlets—has never outraged unoffending citizens. The ties that bound him to his home are sundered ruthlessly by the cruel hand of war. He came back to his birthplace to see once more—perhaps for the last time, the dear ones from whom the cruel exigencies of the times had separated him. Would you make a crime out of this? What was it if, among the questions he asked, he should inquire about those who occupied his home? Could anything be more natural? Can you make a crime of that which it was his duty to his family to speak about? Can you pronounce him a spy, even if he asked his sister what manner of men were quartered in his own house? I have been told that an Englishman's house is his castle—is an American's less sacred in his eyes? And yet you would make it a crime that he inquires into its concerns. If it be a crime, it is only one in the sternest construction of martial law—and it would not be straining a point, if you were merciful. His is a case in which what you call justice is extremely doubtful—in which cool and clear-headed men, looking coldly on the question, might easily dismiss the charge before you. But no one, friend or foe, could impute blame to you, if you restored the prisoner to liberty, and carried joy into the heart of a most unhappy and most sorely tried family."

This eloquent plea was not without its effect. Some of the younger members of the court were visibly moved, and even the grim muscles of Colonel Simcoe's countenance relaxed. Judge what the effect must have been on the prisoner. He heard an address that would have done honor to a professional advocate, poured forth from lips that had no schooling in oratory—lips that responded only the promptings of as true and kind a heart as ever beat in woman's bosom—and that constancy and courage, that resolution and firmness which danger could not shake, were fast giving way before the emotions of gratitude and love. Unwilling to appear unmanned before his judges, however, he mastered his emotions by a strong exercise of will, and said, in a voice which he successfully labored to render firm:

"You had better retire, Agnes, since you have permission."

She sprang towards him, and the courage which had inspired her during her speech giving way before her terrors and distress, threw herself upon his neck, sobbing audibly. Struggling with his own emotions, Barnes allowed her head to rest there for an instant, and then he gently raised her up, and whispered in her ear the advice he had once given, coupled with a word of hope that did not, however, come from his heart.

Half heart-broken, she obeyed the whispered injunction, and, with pale face and swollen eyes, left the room.

The judges consulted together for a few minutes in a low tone of voice, while a profound silence pervaded the rest of the apartment. The young soldier, disdaining to gather his sentence from their faces before it was pronounced, sat gazing steadily out of a window.

Colonel Simcoe called his attention by clearing his throat, and then said:

"Prisoner, stand up!"

David obeyed mechanically, but fixed his gaze with an unshrinking eye upon the speaker.

"We think you are convicted by your own admissions and the involuntary testimony of your sister. The laws of war compel me to pronounce the doom of death upon you. The judgment of the court is, that you be hung by the neck day after to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock."

The young soldier merely bowed.

"We could wish to afford you longer time for preparation," added another of the judges, with a sentiment of compassion; "but on that day we have decided to raise our encampment here and return to New York, and we could give you no farther grace than the last moment before we march."

"That is a very unnecessary abatement—a very unmilitary abatement, Major Evans," said Colonel Simcoe, glancing somewhat angrily at his brother officer.

"I thought it fair to give the prisoner a reason for what might seem unmerciful haste," replied the other.

"Well, I pray you, don't tell the enemy of all our motions," retorted the colonel.

The major colored, but made no reply, and Colonel Simcoe immediately ordered the prisoner to be taken back to his confinement and strictly guarded. The order being of course at once obeyed, Barnes found himself, with a suddenness that hardly enabled him to realize his situation as a condemned man, in the little attic-room which was only to open for him for the gallows.

We will leave the grief of his mother and brother—the inexpressible anguish which wrung the heart of his sister, to be imagined by the reader.

CHAPTER XX.

CAPTAIN DE LANCEY VISITS HIS FAMILY.

We must now return to De Lancey. Brooding over the detention of Lieutenant Barnes, and his probable fate, and but half-satisfied with the result of his hostile meeting, De Lancy returned to White Plains, and for the first time found an opportunity to visit his own family, since his release. After the destruction of his mansion by the tories, Mr. De Lancey had moved his family to White Plains, where they now occupied a house. We pass over the greetings which attended Captain Hugh's return. He allowed but a little time to pass, before, impatient to accomplish the object nearest his heart, he opened the subject of his suit for the hand of Agnes Barnes, before his father, his stately mother, and his warm-hearted sister. He described in glowing eloquence the personal charms and heroic character of Agnes, and without waiting for an answer impetuously declared that he would marry her, if she consented, whether his parents gave theirs or not.

All three of his auditors expressed their astonishment in their looks.

"This is a defiance, and not a request, then?" haughtily said Mrs. De Lancey.

"Not a defiance at all, mother," returned Captain Hugh; "you can't help but be proud of Agnes when you know her, and I feel that any objections you might raise now would be nothing but foolish family prejudices, which I am determined to disregard at all events."

"Then I have nothing whatever to say," replied Mrs. De Lancey, drawing herself up in a stately way. "Only, I presume I may have the privilege of receiving her into my own house as a daughter or not, as I choose," she added, severely.

"I am sure she must be beautiful and good, and if she is, *I* don't care how humble she may be," spoke up Helen, with something of Captain De Lancey's own spirit.

"Spoken like a noble girl!" exclaimed the young captain, enthusiastically. "You shall be a bridesmaid, Helen, and Lieutenant Barnes will be a groomsman; afterwards you may have him if you like." The young lady blushed, visibly.

"Lieutenant Barnes! He is the young person who called here recently, about Captain Hugh, isn't it?" asked Mr. De Lancey, who up to this moment had remained silent.

"He is," said Helen; "the same who distinguished himself in an action recently, also."

"Hillo!" exclaimed Captain De Lancey, gazing steadily at his sister, and calculating what the blush he had called up went to signify—"the dashing lieutenant has been here, then, and like as not carried off my sister's heart in place of his own! He hasn't told me of this—I don't consider it fair!"

"He has called here twice," replied Helen, composedly; "and I am indebted to him and Lieutenant Blake for the courtesy of being shown my brother's company."

"So ho!" said De Lancey, half-musingly. "Well, what opinion did you form of your brother's future brother-in law, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"I know he is esteemed to be a very brave officer, though he has only lately been made one," said Helen, then adding in a straightforward, honest way, "He is not by any means what you call dashing; but I thought him as distinguished for his modesty as for his bravery. I could venture to say that he is an honest and honorable young gentleman, and if his sister is like him, you needn't be afraid to marry her, Hugh."

"Bravo! you are right as a book, sister Helen. I was joking just now when I said you might have the lieutenant, but I don't know but I might as well be serious about it, eh?"

Helen blushed again slightly; but here Esquire De Lancey interposed.

"You are carrying things pretty far, children; are your parents to have no consideration?"

"My dear papa, and mama, too, I entertain the profoundest respect and consideration for you both, and I very humbly and loyally desire your consent to my marriage," responded Captain De Lancey, soberly and gravely.

His proud mother simply curled her lip with an expression of dissatisfaction; Mr. De Lancey responded in a deliberate way:

"I should have told you, in the first place, Hugh, that I would interpose no objections to what you believed necessary to your happiness, though I hoped you would do better than to marry a simple, uneducated country girl, without family or wealth. If you have believed me to be unreasonable in such matters, you have misjudged me. I shall say the same thing to Helen when she tells me her affections are disposed of."

"That is noble and generous, and I thank you from my heart," exclaimed the young man, warmly. "Mother, I beg your pardon if I have offended you. I entreat your favor also."

"I will not consent to the disgrace of my family," retorted Mrs. De Lancey, coldly and haughtily. "I leave you to take the responsibility upon yourselves!"

Saying which the proud matron gathered her robes with the dignity of a queen, and retired in anger.

All were grieved by this exhibition, but no one spoke of it. Mr. De Lancey sighed gently, and almost inaudibly, and took his hat; Captain Hugh drew up his chair by his sister's side, and the two entered into sympathizing conversation on the young man's hopes and plans. They appeared to be marvellously well agreed in opinion. Filled with hope, the young officer drew fond pictures of his happiness with Agnes for a bride, while she listened with affectionate interest. In return she kindly enforced upon him a view of the duties which he should bear in mind, and fondly bade him hope for success. The conversation finally turned upon more indifferent matters. Helen said:

"I don't at all like your other lieutenant—that Mr. Blake—he haunts me everywhere in my walks, and is always ready to join me—often when I don't want any company. I should think he was love smitten, for he is forever talking sentiment."

"He's is in love with you, no doubt," said the captain, laughing.

"Fiddlesticks! I like not such a melancholy swain. Yet I do believe he watches to see when I go out, and then contrives to meet me."

"Well, we shall be ordered off on service, it is likely, in a few days—you wouldn't wish me to fight him for admiring my sister, would you?"

"By no means," said she, laughing.

"Well, sister, I've spent as much time with you already, as I can spare. Good-by, and don't let Blake carry you off."

So saying, De Lancey gaily took his leave, and mounting his horse started for his former rendezvous, to await the issue of a challenge which he had already despatched to another officer of Colonel Simcoe's regiment. His hostile messenger arrived somewhat late at night at the tavern, bringing with him both an acceptance of the challenge, and the news of Lieutenant Barnes's conviction and sentence. Thunderstruck, De Lancey asked for a repetition of the intelligence, and then overcome with emotion at the terrible situation of his friend, he threw himself into a chair fairly stupefied with grief.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MERCILESS JUDGE. THE WILLOW GLEN.

Agnes had retired to her room from the scene of the court martial a prey to the most violent agitation, soon succeeded by a reaction which threatened utterly to prostrate her strength, taxed almost beyond the powers of nature. She was alone and wrestled with her great grief unaided. It is true, that her brother at parting, had whispered that there might be hope, that a ray of escape might be open to him, and that for a moment had given a gleam of satisfaction. But reflection soon extinguished this pallid ray of joy. It is true, that when she retired from the court-room the fate of her brother had not been decided, but if there had been the slightest leaning on the part of the judges, they would surely have given her some encouragement. Hard and cruel as they were, they were still men, and if disposed to yield to a sister's pleadings, they would not have kept her in suspense. No—she could not conceal from herself that he was doomed. Her plea for David had produced some sensation, it was true, but it was instantly followed by a look of stern determination that precluded the thought of its having proved efficacious. Indeed when her intelligence reviewed the position in which her brother stood, and the charges brought against him with the strong circumstantial evidence, she could not doubt, however hard the conclusion was, that sentence of death would be pronounced against him. Britons had been sentenced by Americans under precisely similar circumstances. It was a time when every man's hand was raised against his brother—when war was waged with ruthless severity—when the

feelings of both parties were exacerbated, and when personal safety, as well as the success of either cause demanded the utmost stringency in the application of the laws of war. In the agony of her distress she had denounced a death sentence in the case of David cruel—and so it would be—but not unusually cruel. There was certainly enough in his visit to warrant the belief that he came as a spy. Still, the second thought of the court might be favorable. It was possible—only barely possible, however—that her brother might escape.

And Agnes, kneeling down in her little lonely room, poured forth the most fervent supplication to the All powerful and All merciful, in whose hands are life and death, that He in his infinite goodness and mercy might turn the hearts of her brother's judges, so that he should not die. She rose from this devotional exercise in a firmer and more hopeful tone of mind, and felt able to seek an interview with her brother, and learn his fate from his own lips.

The same soldier who had admitted her on a former occasion was on duty, and made no scruple now of granting her an interview, though he remained within the apartment after presenting her to her brother.

Barnes advanced to meet her affectionately, and he was so calm and collected, that his bearing deceived her, and she exclaimed joyfully:

"O, David—you are pardoned?"

"Sit down, dear sister," said Barnes, evasively, and calm your agitation." He glanced at the sentinel and then at the door.

The man shook his head.

"I can wheel to the right—about face," said the soldier, "and I can be deaf and blind—but that's all I can do."

"Enough," said Barnes, with a half-sigh, as the soldier turned his face to the wall, that he might produce as little restraint as possible upon the intercourse of brother and sister. His countenance became graver, as he looked on Agnes.

"Tell me, brother, what news?" she gasped, alarmed at this change of expression.

"The court has adjourned, sister," replied Barnes, gathering firmness as he spoke.

"Well—and what then?"

"The court have decided that I came hither as a spy."

Agnes uttered a low cry that came from the depths of her heart.

"They have found you guilty—that I feared—but they will be merciful, will they not?"

"They are doing what they deem their duty to their king," said the young soldier. "Let us not blame them, Agnes."

"Then you are—"

"Sentenced to die an ignominious death. I should have chosen another ending of a brief life, had it been left to me—but what matters it? No disgrace attaches to any punishment incurred in the service of one's country."

"O, brother! brother!"

"Bear it, Agnes—bear it like a true Christian woman. Death stands in our path everywhere—no one can foresee when the blow will fall. Here we are together for awhile—hereafter united to part no more."

Agnes only replied by sobs.

"Think of me when I am gone," continued the young man, "as one who loved you next to his country—think of me not bitterly, but hopefully, as of one you will meet again in a better world."

"O, David! this will kill me."

"No, Agnes, you will live for the sake of the dear ones I leave behind me—live to love and cherish them for my sake. You will have a noble husband, dearest, and often in your happy hours, you, will, I know, think of David—but let not his memory be a shadow on your pathway. Think that his spirit, if permitted to hover near those he leaves on earth, will rejoice at their happiness, and only sorrow if his memory brings tears."

Still Agnes wept—and still clung to her brother's bosom as if she would grow there, until at last, he was compelled to beg that she would retire, and permit him to prepare himself for the last scene of the tragedy. Reluctantly she tore herself away, promising that she would see him again in the course of the morning. As she passed the sentinel she noticed tears upon his hard and weather-beaten face.

The thought occurred to her that she would seek Colonel Simcoe, and make a final appeal to his feelings of humanity. With this view, she repaired to his apartments, and on sending in her name, was admitted to a private interview.

The colonel begged her to be seated.

"No," she replied, "that is not the posture of a suppliant—and I came hither as a supplicant for a favor."

"Anything in my power to grant, I will do for you, young lady," said the colonel, "with one exception."

"And what is that?"

"Should you ask me to spare your brother's life, I must be inflexible—I must do my duty."

"Alas! that is the very boon I crave."

"Then your visit is vain."

"But you will at least hear me, Col. Simcoe?"

"I heard you when presiding over the court martial. Have you new facts, new arguments to use, to lead me to waive my decision?"

"Alas, no!"

"Then the sooner you retire the better."

"You do not mean that my brother is doomed to die!"

"I do mean it."

"You cannot be so cruel."

"I can be so just. Our duty often conflicts with our feelings. In this case the matter is perfectly plain. Your brother came hither as a spy—he has been tried as a spy—sentenced as a spy—and will die, as a spy. Nothing can save him."

"Nothing? not the prayers and tears of a distressed family?"

"Not the intercession of your Washington himself."

"Then indeed I plead in vain. May it never be your fate, Colonel Simcoe, to sue for mercy and receive it not."

"So be it," said the colonel, gravely. He rose from his chair, conducted her politely to the door and dismissed her.

One hope still remained. A sudden attack on the part of the Americans might yet save her brother. It was far to their camp, but once beyond Colonel Simcoe's lines, she might procure a horse and pursue her journey at full speed. Hastily putting on a bonnet and shawl, she was leaving the house for this purpose, when an armed soldier barring her passage, said—with great respect, however:

"Where are you going, madam?"

"On an errand in the neighborhood," replied Agnes.

"Can't you entrust the business to a messenger?" he asked.

"By no means—I must transact it in person."

"Very well, then, madam, I will go with you. Our orders are to permit none of the family to leave the house without an escort."

"On second thought," replied Agnes, cheerfully, though her heart died within her, "tomorrow will do as will; I wont put you to the trouble."

And with a light step, but a heavy heart, she ascended to her room. There, after closing the door, she threw herself into a seat in the dull, depressing stupor of utter despair. No hope! not a ray! No mercy from within! No rescue from without!

She was roused from her reverie by a tap at the door. She rose and opened it, and a soldier, saluting her respectfully, handed her a note, crumpled and dirty, and directed in a trembling hand. She tore it open and read as follows:

"MISS AGNES BARNES:—I know that your honored brother is sentenced to death. But there is a way of saving him, if you have a brave heart. You have not forgot old Margaret in the Willow Glen. Come to her with all possible speed. The messenger will see you safely to the cottage, and he will allow you to confer with her in secret. Accept this invitation, and all will be well—neglect it, and you will rue it but once, and that will be as long as you live."

This mysterious message was ill-spelt, but Agnes readily deciphered it. She was acquainted with, and had befriended a lonely old woman, half beggar, half fortune-teller, who lived in the spot designated. In some mysterious manner this eccentric personage was in the habit of obtaining minute information as to whatever was going on, and had given on many occasions, valuable information to the Americans with whom she warmly sympathized. Agnes had every reason to rely on her, and even, if it were not so, as a drowning person catches at straws, she would have obeyed the command. So she signified to the soldier her willingness to accompany him, and they immediately set forth. A short walk brought them to a little valley shaded with weeping willow trees of gigantic size at the extremity of which old Margaret lodged.

Agnes tapped at the door, and a cracked voice bade her pull the latch-string and enter. She did so, the soldier who had accompanied her remaining without.

The room she entered—the only one in the wretched earth-floored cottage, was very dark, the shutters of the unglassed windows being nearly closed. The old woman shrouded in a faded black silk hood and an equally faded cloak that had once been red, sat on a stool at the furthest part of the hut and motioned her visitor to be seated—at the same time coughing violently and rocking herself to and fro. When she had recovered from this paroxysm of coughing, Agnes expected her to speak, but she was silent, so that the young girl commenced the conversation.

"Mother, you have sent for me, and I am here."

"And who came with you?"

"The soldier that bore your message."

"No one else?"

"No one."

"Then we are quite alone?"

"Quite."

"The soldier wont trouble us, my dear. He has gone home by this time—I know how to manage the soldiers."

"O, mother, you indicated that there was a way to save David?"

"There is, if you will adopt it."

"Any—anything to save my dear brother."

"You have decided wisely," said the other, in a deep, changed voice—and the pretended old woman, rising and flinging off the cloak and hood, revealed the form and features of a British officer—Lieutenant Hawkins, the boldest and most pertinacious of her persecutors.

"Treason!" shrieked Agnes.

"Fear nothing," said the officer, hastening to interpose between the affrighted girl and the door. "I chose to see you to press my suit. You have repulsed and disdained me, so I had to resort to this ruse to see you. All is fair in love and war."

"Stand back! unmannerly ruffian!" cried Agnes, "and let me pass. You have chosen ill the hour to press your nauseous addresses—the hour of distress and despair. Beware how you insult a wretched woman!"

"Ha! ha! you shall hear me now," said Hawkins. "You see I am armed?"

And he pointed to his pistols and sabre.

With a sudden spring, Agnes snatched a pistol from his belt, and cocking it pointed it at his head.

"Stand back!" she cried, in tones of thrilling energy, "or I will surely slay you. Once ere this I was driven to shed blood in self defence."

The soldier muttered a deep oath, but springing forward attempted to disarm his incensed antagonist.

Driven to desperation, she drew the trigger, but the pistol only flashed in the pan. With a faint effort she hurled the useless weapon at her persecutor, and sinking into a seat, burst into tears of agony.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the soldier, possessing himself of the weapon, and replacing it in his belt. "Now you *must* listen to me—you must hear me tell you how I adore you!"

"While I loathe and detest you and all your fellow ruffians!" retorted Agnes.

"You shall learn to love me, proud beauty; here at least, you must listen to my addresses. You are completely in my power."

"Less than you imagine," said Agnes—and raising her voice, she cried aloud for help.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SHIP-KEEPER'S STORY.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

No sooner has a ship returned from a voyage, been safely moored, than the crew make haste to quit her, bag and baggage, their services being no longer required. The captain having completed the necessary amount of quarrelling and explaining with the owners, takes himself off to the bosom of his family. The chief mate, however, nobly stands by the vessel until the stevedores have discharged the last pound of cargo, when he too slopes. All hand having now deserted the empty craft, she is turned over to the watchful care of a ship-keeper, whose duty it is to protect her from river pirates and shore thieves, and to see that she don't fall overboard generally. From the nature of his occupation, your ship-keeper is a blue and lonesome man, sleeping away God's sunlight, and coming on duty in the owl's morning, with burglars and watchmen and bats and other foul birds, when the piers and wharves and streets are deserted, and the long, dark, gloomy lines of warehouses are silent and as solitary as Tadmor in the desert.

Among other ship keepers employed by a house for which I formerly sailed, was an old fellow with one arm, but with no end of tongue—indeed he was a man of many tales, and I used occasionally to go over from my own ship to the one upon which he was employed, to smoke a low-spirited pipe with him and listen to his dreary stories, until I could see a spectre in every shadow.

"Come, Jack," I said to him, one night when he had been entertaining me with his frightfully amusing narratives, "give us a real old fashioned ghost story; not one where the apparition can be accounted for, but one with the genuine winding sheet on it—something nice and ghostly, fresh from the grave."

"The brig Wandering Wave," said Jack, taking his pipe from his mouth, and stowing it carefully away in his vest pocket, "was picked up at sea, abandoned. Nothing was amiss with the brig when she was found, no leak, no want of provisions, no nothing; the sails were all sheeted home and hoisted up, and everything as it should be, but there was no soul on board of her—I'm wrong, I should have said there was no *body* on board of her. On the cabin door was a mark of a bloody hand, and on the forecastle deck was a great spatter of blood and some hair. The vessel couldn't have been captured by pirates, for nothing was taken from her. But that there had been murder was evident; who were the murderers and who the murdered, has never been discovered. One of those mysterious rumors, however, which sometimes arise, starting long before any one on shore could know anything had happened, and coming from no one knows whither, whispered of crimes of nameless horror in connection with the vessel. Well, she was brought into port, and anchored low down in the harbor to await the award for salvage; a gang of riggers were set at work upon her gear by day, and a keeper took charge of her at night. At that time I was not employed upon any ship, but worked with the long shoremen about the wharves. One evening when the brig had been about a week in port, as I was sitting by the fire thinking of turning in for the night, a messenger came post from the owners for me to go down and take charge of the brig, as the other keeper had been taken suddenly ill. I didn't relish the job a bit, for I was tired and sleepy after a hard day's work, and it was just the meanest weather that ever blew out of the sky. I couldn't refuse, to go, however, for aside from disobliging my employers, I should have been laughed at for being scared by the queer stories that were afloat about the craft. Putting on a heavy overcoat and sou-wester, and taking my pipe and a bunch of matches, I went down to my boat and put off. The cold, raw wind had kicked up a nasty chop sea in the harbor, and it had been raining like judgment all day—a disgraceful sort of January thaw, that was fit to make a man go hang himself.

"It was a long and ugly pull to the brig, but I reached it at last, tired and wet to the skin, and having made my boat fast, got on board. The aspect of things was not very cheering, the vessel swung uneasily at her cable, the tireless rain fell plash, plash, plash, unceasingly, and the cold wind cried and whimpered wearily in the rigging, while far in the distance the caving sandy headlands loomed like great tombstones above the white-haired ghastly foam of the surf at their base. It was my duty to stay upon deck and keep a bright lookout all through the night, let the weather be what it would, and I went to work tramping fore and aft on the poop, trying to comfort myself with the reflection that morning was sure to come sometime. But it wouldn't do; the fatigue of a hard day's work told upon me, and it was with the greatest difficulty I kept myself awake even while I was walking about.

"I endeavored by various expedients to drive off this intense longing for sleep, I went aft to the tafferel, and tried to see the lights from the city through the pouring, blinding rain that drove into my face—I walked forward to the bows and examined the cable that surged sullenly in the iron hawse pipe at every motion of the vessel. I listened to the fluttering of the slack rigging driven by the blast; to the dreary chafing of the blocks aloft, and to the swash and cuddle of the waves as they dashed against, and recoiled from the bow, until I came within an ace of falling asleep and overboard at the same time. I could endure this species of torture no longer, and careless of consequences, I resolved to turn in and trust to luck to waking in case anything should occur requiring my attention. With this object in view I started for the cabin door. It was locked. Not to be balked now that I had made up my mind for a nap, I went forward to the forecastle. The brig, like all vessels having the sleeping accommodations for the sailors under the top-gallant forecastle, had an upper and lower row of bunks running around the bow, with a door at each end of the windlass. The starboard door was partly open, but all within was dark as a stormy winter's night could make it. I was so familiar with the invariable build of such quarters, however, that there was no occasion for a light; so going in I pawed my way to the first upper bunk, and feeling that there was a mattress in it, turned in, and was almost instantly sound asleep.

"I can't tell how long I slept, perhaps an hour, may be two or three, but when I awoke it was suddenly and with a start. Usually there is more or less of an interval of semi-consciousness between sleeping and waking, but in this instance the change from profound slumber to noonday wakefulness was instantaneous, and I was conscious that I was not alone—somebody or something—I knew not what, but a presence of some kind, was near me. I listened. The cable surged sullenly in the iron hawse pipe, the fluttering ropes chafed in the blast—the blocks cheeped drearily aloft, and the tread and ripple of the tide murmured monotonously, while—

> "—— The frightened rain
> Flung itself wildly 'gainst the window pane,
> Imploring shelter from the chasing wind,"

and the ship's bell, swung by the motion of the vessel, at irregular intervals tolled—tolled most dismally. I reasoned with myself that there could by no possibility be anything on board to harm me, and was trying to get asleep again when I was startled by a long, deep-drawn sigh, apparently close to my ear. I am not easily frightened, but I will own that a cold shiver crept over me, and my hair rose as I reflected that I was directly over the great splatter of blood that marked the spot where some poor soul had been let out. With wildly beating heart I lay waiting a repetition of the dreadful sound. I had not long to wait; again it came, longer and more distinct, like the moan of a passing spirit. In an agony of terror I took a card of matches from my pocket and drew them upon one of the carlines overhead. The beam was damp, and the phosphorus instead of igniting, left a broad flickering streak of ghostly light that faintly illuminated the place. But that light feeble as it was, disclosed to my view the form of a human hand and an outstretched arm directly beneath me, pointing to the blood stain upon the deck. I made but one leap from my bunk to the forecastle door, but a horrible fascination prevented my going further—I must see that fearful hand again, and be sure my eyes had not deceived me. With trembling fingers I sought a dry spot and drew other matches. They blazed up clear and bright. There was the hand still, I could see it as plainly as I now see my own. Drawn by an impulse I could not resist, I stretched out my own hand and touched it. It was cold and clammy, and—horror of horror! the icy fingers began slowly to close upon my own. With a howl of terror I drew back, and my heart and bowels turned within me as by the last glimmer of the expiring matches, I beheld lying in every bunk a human body drawn into every variety of contortions.

"I don't know how I got from that accursed forecastle to the extreme after part of the brig. I only know that I found myself there, and that through the long, long hours of that endless night my straining eyes never winked or wandered from the door through which I had fled. At length, after a period that seemed longer than my whole previous existence, the unwilling morning dawned."

Jack paused, and began slowly filling his pipe.

"And with the darkness fled the fearful hand, and the bodies, and all that?" I asked.

"No," said Jack, solemnly, "those objects were not placed there simply to affright me, they had a greater work to do, and they did it."

"You don't mean to say the bodies remained there in the morning?"

"I do."

"And other people saw them?"

"Numbers of people."

"And they were recognized?"

"Every one of them."

"As the bodies of the murdered sailors?"

"No."

"Who then?"

"The gang of riggers that had been at work on the brig the day before, and who, as the night was stormy, had concluded to sleep on board instead of pulling up to the city against the tide!"

"Jack," I exclaimed, in great disgust, "you're a fool."

"You don't say so," said Jack, coolly puffing his pipe smoke into my face.

AN INCIDENT.

A strange visitor came into the editorial sanctum of the Journal of Commerce the other evening. The storm was raging without, and the Journal's corps were busy within; while below lay Wall Street, silent and gloomy, in the custody of the policemen. Suddenly there came a tapping, as of some one gently rapping, and a little brown, frightened bird flew wildly against the window-panes. The poor, houseless wanderer appeared to appeal to us for charity; like the dove first sent out by Noah, it could not find rest for the sole of its foot in the cold, rainy night; and we suppose it disdained to apply at a station-house. A friendly hand took the little fugitive in, and for the remainder of the night it exhibited its gratitude by playing and hopping about the office, snatching only a brief moment of repose, perched on the mounting of a map of Cuba. When daylight came, the little fellow was dismissed, and off he flew, as much delighted with his freedom as he was the evening before with a shelter from the storm.

MAN AND NATURE.

Thinking man is greater than nature. Amidst the vast snowy solitudes which stretch away among the topmost Alpine peaks; or traversing the Gorner Glacier, with the Matterhorn rising in unclouded splendor against the transparent blackness of the upper sky, like an altar raised by a giant to his god; or listening to the voice of a glacier river, as it vanishes in the cerulean depths of a mighty crevasse; or standing on Monte Moro, when the clouds, now rest thousands of feet below upon the Italian plain, leaving unveiled all the queenly beauties of Monte Rosa, now sweep up like mighty eagles, and nestle amidst her highest crags—man feels, with awful joy, his sovereignty over matter. Atom as he is, his will is greater than these brute forces; and as he rises above them, he smiles to see that nature, like the old god Proteus, strives to terrify her assailants, but yields her secrets, if she be held fast and questioned.—*Westminster Review.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

DANIEL WEBSTER'S "DOUBLE:"
—OR, THE—
"DO"-INGS OF HIRAM BILKER.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

It was a cheerful, bracing, autumnal evening, towards the close of August, in the year 1846, when a solitary horseman rode up at full speed to the door of a tavern, recently built and commodious, which stood on the outskirts of a small town in Pennsylvania, about forty miles distant from the city of William Penn. He was a smart, dapper fellow, about thirty years of age, with a sort of confidential, domestic servant air about him, a shrewd, restless, lively expression of countenance, and an unexceptionable appearance in the matter of dress. A one-eyed old stableman happening to be at the inn door when he arrived, the new-comer, with a consequential air, bade him take care of his horse, and then strutted into the office, where he was immediately welcomed by the clerk, who, judging from his appearance that he was either a Senator, or a member of the House of Representatives, on his way to Washington, awaited his orders with a respect not always vouchsafed to your common-place travellers.

After hemming and hawing for a minute or two, during which his busy eyes travelled over every part of the office, which at that hour of the day was deserted, the stranger said, apparently satisfied with the result of his scrutiny:

"Yes, I think it will do; style of the accommodations better to all appearances than one could have expected; so I make no doubt Mr. Webster will—"

"Mr. Webster, did you say?" inquired the clerk, in his most deferential manner.

"Did I say Mr. Webster?" replied the stranger, coolly, "O, true, I believe I did say so. Mr. Webster—Mr. Daniel Webster, I mean, is a few miles behind on his way to Washington; he prefers quietly jogging along in his carriage to riding in the cars, and has sent me on to see if there is any good fishing in this neighborhood, and if so, whether he can have accommodations here for the night."

"Fishing! I believe you," exclaimed the delighted clerk. "Why, Johnny Frost, as they call him, took forty fine fellows out of Peachy Brook only yesterday, and as to accommodations, he can have the very best of—but perhaps I'd better call the proprietor. Here Mr. Bilker! you're wanted, sir. Daniel Webster! O Lor!"

The "proprietor," Mr. Hiram G. W. Bilker, a tall, long-nosed, sallow-faced man, with a keen gray eye, and a cigar in his mouth, quickly made his appearance, and having been informed of the cause of his being summoned, addressed the new-comer in such terms as these:

"This way, sir, if you please. Follow me up stairs, and I'll show you a set of rooms that I flatter myself will give satisfaction to Mr. Webster. I heard he was on his way to Washington. Wonderful man, sir! *Stu*pendous man, sir! Speaks *like* a statesman, sir, and always to the point."

"Are you acquainted with his person?" inquired the stranger, carelessly.

"Never saw him in my life, except in the print-shop windows, so it will be quite a treat."

"Ah, then you have formed no proper idea of the man. Not one of the many portraits ever taken of him, represent the man exactly as he is. You wouldn't recognize him from any of the vile daubs passed off on a credulous public as his likeness."

"Dear me," said Mr. Bilker, "these artists are queer fellows—not to be depended upon—I always thought so; but I shall have, I hope, the pleasure of seeing the great man—I'll wait on him myself. But here we are, sir," he added, throwing open the door of a spacious dining-room, which was separated from a suite of bedrooms by a long, narrow landing-place, at the extremity of which, facing the stairs, stood a statue of George Washington, flanked by a pair of table lamps.

Mr. Webster's domestic seemed well satisfied with the room, especially with its mahogany sideboard, which he suggested would show to advantage, if set out with a handsome service of plate, and then accompanied the landlord into an adjoining bed-chamber, one of whose windows looked out on a small yard, divided from an open field by a low wall.

"A cheerful, airy apartment enough," observed the stranger, attentively examining the lookout, "and one that will be sure to suit Mr. Webster. I see it communicates with the next room."

"Yes, but the door is always kept locked and bolted," observed the landlord.

"Indeed. Then pray let it be unfastened, and I'll take the room myself, so that in case Mr. Webster (who is somewhat of an invalid in consequence of his having over-studied some great speeches which he has to deliver during the coming session) should require my services in the night, I may be at hand to assist him. And now that the matter is settled, I must hasten back to him, for I left him at D——, awaiting my return, to determine whether or not he should go on to the next town."

"Go on to the next town!" exclaimed the alarmed Mr. Bilker. "Don't think of such a thing; it's a long way off—road hilly, and in wretched order, and so bleak that an invalid would be sure to catch his death of cold at so late an hour." And the shrewd speaker conjured up all sorts of horrors.

"Well, well, I agree with you; it would be better we should stay here for the night; so get everything ready against our coming, and let the dinner be served up in your very best style. Never mind expense, you know Mr Webster never cares about money."

"I heard so," observed Mr. Bilker, gleefully.

"Do your *best*, that's all, and charge accordingly." So saying the speaker hurried down stairs, remounted his horse, and was out of sight in an instant.

All was now commotion throughout the establishment. Mr. Bilker went into his cellar, whence he issued speedily with sundry bottles of his

choicest wines. The landlady paid a visit
spection to her larder; but being dissatisfie
her scrutiny, ordered fresh poultry to be
and sent Johnny Frost to procure some fis
Peachy Brook. The servants were set to
rubbing up the dining-room furniture, a
the most valuable silver plate was taken fro
safe, and arranged ostentatiously on the
board. The chambermaid was directed t
the best linen sheets on the bed, and one
attendants was privately instructed to hire
dollars' worth of mob to cheer the great ora
he came in, and also to present to the b
the village money enough to enable them t
gunpowder and fire-crackers.

Having seen these orders duly attended t
the culinary operations put in a proper tra
landlord hastened to indulge in the luxu
clean shave, and rig himself out in his best
ments, while his wife exhibited to equal
tage in a showy flowered silk gown, and wel
side-curls.

Twilight meantime fell, and the flies be
cluster about the elms that grew in front
hotel, as Mr. Bilker stood at the door list
with evident anxiety for the sound of whee

At length, just as the village clock
seven, two ragged little boys rushed frant
up to the hotel, and bursting through the c
that was gathering in front, roared out at th
of their voices: "They're coming! th
coming!"

Instantly a loud shout was sent up b
loafers. "Hurrah for Daniel Webster!"
one. "The constitootion forever!" shou
second. "Hurra for Black Dan!" baw
third, while the one eyed stableman ren
himself conspicuous above all by wavi
stump of a broom in circular flourishes
his head.

"O, Hiram!" exclaimed the landlady,
was rather sentimentally inclined, claspin
husband's arm as if to support herself,
feel so agitated—so faint—I shall go off
sure I shall!"

"It's an impressive moment, certainly,"
the landlord; "but hold on, hold on."

Scarcely had he spoken, when the tra
horses was heard, and presently up dash
Webster's confidential servant on horseba
lowed by a travelling carriage and four
wherein sat America's greatest orator and
man, the great Expounder of the Consti
the vanquisher of Hague—Daniel Webster

And now the great man alights, amid
that you might have heard a mile off, and
ceived by Mr. Bilker at the door, whith a
ence bordering on the idolatrous, while his
awe-struck wife kept bobbing and curtse
if she would disappear through the floo
was, as the landlord justly observed, "an
moment;" and all within and without th
felt that it was so, with the exception of
ragged urchins above mentioned, who ex
a bitter sense of disappointment, at Mr. W
looking just like any other man, when th
confidently reckoned on seeing him, to us
own emphatic phraseology, "as bright a
dollar."

The instant Daniel Webster, the lower
whose face was muffled in a thick, woolle
forter, had set foot in the passage, light
brought, and preceded by Mr. Bilker, he
ed, bowing gracefully right and left, to th
ment prepared for his reception, on r
which, he cast a smiling glance at the a
plate on the side-board; threw off his loo
coat, and ordered dinner to be served for
He then dismissed his servant to settle
with the driver who had brought him on;
he was unable to do so, owing to the la
inability to change a one hundred dollar
was agreed that Mr. Bilker himself shoul
the charge, and place it to Mr. W
account.

During dinner, the landlord, who t
with his own servant was in attendanc
Mr. Webster, was greatly struck with th
humored and condescending manner in w
made known his several wants, and w
went into the kitchen, he assured his
audience that the great Daniel was a ge
every inch of him; adding, by way of
that he never saw a man pitch into victua
did, which the whole household agreed in
ering as a great compliment to the establis

Dinner over, and the wine and fruit,
the most delicious kind, placed upon th
Mr. Webster dismissed his servant from
attendance, who therefore proceeded to
his own creature comforts; and after fea
the landlord's private apartment, scarc
luxuriously than his master, he insisted
host cracking a cool bottle of champag
him.

"Take a seat," he said, motioning h
chair. "Really, the wine's not amiss.
health, Bilker!"

"I hope, sir, Mr. Webster found every
his satisfaction."

"Perfectly so. The wine stands wit
think."

"He's every inch a gentleman," conti
landlord, replenishing his glass. "Did
serve how he bowed to us all when he
Mrs B. says she'll never forget his bow
it flustered her, the honor did. And no
for she's very susceptible."

"She looks delicate," observed th
"By-the-by do you snuff?" he added,
massive silver snuff box from his vest
"If you do, I can recommend this mix
import it—at least Mr. Webster d
Macairabo."

Mr. Bilker applied a small portion of
lating mixture to his nose, but being u
it, he was seized with such a fit of sne
caused his nose and cheeks to assume t
purple hue of a Dutch cabbage.

"The bottle stands with you again,"
Webster's servant. "You seem afraid
it were physic. It always looks suspici
a landlord fights shy of his own wine.
give you Mr. Webster's health. Y
refuse to drink that, I think."

"With the greatest pleasure in life
Mr. Bilker.

…for The Flag of our Union.]

…WEBSTER'S "DOUBLE:"

—OR, THE—

… OF HIRAM BILKER.

…Y JOHN ROSS DIX.

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…House of Representatives, on his
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…statesman, sir, and always to the
…

…acquainted with his person?" in-
…nger, carelessly.
…him in my life, except in the
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…e door is always kept locked and
…ed the landlord.
…hen pray let it be unfastened, and
…om myself, so that in case Mr.
…is somewhat of an invalid in con-
…having over-studied some great
…he has to deliver during the coming
…require my services in the night,
…nd to assist him. And now that
…ettled, I must hasten back to him,
…at D——, awaiting my return, to
…her or not he should go on to the
…

…the next town!" exclaimed the
…ilker. "Don't think of such a
…ong way off—road hilly, and in
…r, and so bleak that an invalid
…to catch his death of cold at so
…And the shrewd speaker conjured
…orrors.
…, I agree with you; it would be
…d stay here for the night; so get
…ly against our coming, and let the
…ed up in your very best style.
…xpense, you know Mr Webster
…out money."
…," observed Mr. Bilker, gleefully.
…st, that's all, and charge accord-
…aying the speaker hurried down
…ed his horse, and was out of sight
…

…commotion throughout the estab-
…Bilker went into his cellar, whence
…dily with sundry bottles of his

choicest wines. The landlady paid a visit of inspection to her larder; but being dissatisfied with her scrutiny, ordered fresh poultry to be killed, and sent Johnny Frost to procure some fish from Peachy Brook. The servants were set to work rubbing up the dining-room furniture, and all the most valuable silver plate was taken from the safe, and arranged ostentatiously on the side-board. The chambermaid was directed to put the best linen sheets on the bed, and one of the attendants was privately instructed to hire a few dollars' worth of mob to cheer the great orator as he came in, and also to present to the boys of the village money enough to enable them to buy gunpowder and fire-crackers.

Having seen these orders duly attended to, and the culinary operations put in a proper train, the landlord hastened to indulge in the luxury of a clean shave, and rig himself out in his best habiliments, while his wife exhibited to equal advantage in a showy flowered silk gown, and well oiled side-curls.

Twilight meantime fell, and the flies began to cluster about the elms that grew in front of the hotel, as Mr. Bilker stood at the door listening with evident anxiety for the sound of wheels.

At length, just as the village clock struck seven, two ragged little boys rushed frantically up to the hotel, and bursting through the crowd that was gathering in front, roared out at the top of their voices: "They're coming! they're coming!"

Instantly a loud shout was sent up by the loafers. "Hurrah for Daniel Webster!" cried one. "The constitootion forever!" shouted a second. "Hurra for Black Dan!" bawled a third, while the one eyed stableman rendered himself conspicuous above all by waving the stump of a broom in circular flourishes round his head.

"O, Hiram!" exclaimed the landlady, who was rather sentimentally inclined, clasping her husband's arm as if to support herself, "I do feel so agitated—so faint—I shall go off—I'm sure I shall!"

"It's an impressive moment, certainly," replied the landlord; "but hold on, hold on."

Scarcely had he spoken, when the tramp of horses was heard, and presently up dashed Mr. Webster's confidential servant on horseback, followed by a travelling carriage and four horses, wherein sat America's greatest orator and statesman, the great Expounder of the Constitution, the vanquisher of Hague—Daniel Webster!

And now the great man alights, amid cheers that you might have heard a mile off, and is received by Mr. Bilker at the door, whith a reverence bordering on the idolatrous, while his equally awe-struck wife kept bobbing and curtseying as if she would disappear through the floor. It was, as the landlord justly observed, "an awful moment;" and all within and without the hotel felt that it was so, with the exception of the two ragged urchins above mentioned, who expressed a bitter sense of disappointment, at Mr. Webster looking just like any other man, when they had confidently reckoned on seeing him, to use their own emphatic phraseology, "as bright as a new dollar."

The instant Daniel Webster, the lower part of whose face was muffled in a thick, woollen comforter, had set foot in the passage, lights were brought, and preceded by Mr. Bilker, he ascended, bowing gracefully right and left, to the apartment prepared for his reception, on reaching which, he cast a smiling glance at the array of plate on the side-board; threw off his loose overcoat, and ordered dinner to be served forthwith. He then dismissed his servant to settle matters with the driver who had brought him on; but as he was unable to do so, owing to the landlord's inability to change a one hundred dollar note, it was agreed that Mr. Bilker himself should defray the charge, and place it to Mr. Webster's account.

During dinner, the landlord, who together with his own servant was in attendance upon Mr. Webster, was greatly struck with the good-humored and condescending manner in which he made known his several wants, and when he went into the kitchen, he assured his gaping audience that the great Daniel was a gentleman, every inch of him; adding, by way of climax, that he never saw a man pitch into victuals as he did, which the whole household agreed in considering as a great compliment to the establishment.

Dinner over, and the wine and fruit, each of the most delicious kind, placed upon the table, Mr. Webster dismissed his servant from further attendance, who therefore proceeded to consult his own creature comforts; and after feasting in the landlord's private apartment, scarcely less luxuriously than his master, he insisted on his host cracking a cool bottle of champagne with him.

"Take a seat," he said, motioning him to a chair. "Really, this wine's not amiss. Your health, Bilker!"

"I hope, sir, Mr. Webster found everything to his satisfaction."

"Perfectly so. The wine stands with you, I think."

"He's every inch a gentleman," continued the landlord, replenishing his glass. "Did you observe how he bowed to us all when he came in? Mrs B. says she'll never forget his bow to her; it flustered her, the honor did. And no wonder, for she's very susceptible."

"She looks delicate," observed the other. "By-the-by do you snuff?" he added, taking a massive silver snuff box from his vest pocket. "If you do, I can recommend this mixture. I import it—at least Mr. Webster does from Macairabo."

Mr. Bilker applied a small portion of the titillating mixture to his nose, but being unused to it, he was seized with such a fit of sneezing as caused his nose and cheeks to assume the deep purple hue of a Dutch cabbage.

"The bottle stands with you again," said Mr. Webster's servant. "You seem afraid of it, as if it were physic. It always looks suspicious when a landlord fights shy of his own wine. Come, I'll give you Mr. Webster's health. You wont refuse to drink that, I think."

"With the greatest pleasure in life," replied Mr. Bilker.

"No heel-taps, remember."

"O, of course not," and the speaker filled his glass to the brim, and after duly acknowledging the toast, observed, "I had no idea Mr. Webster was so young a man. The prints make him look ten years older."

"That's because he's generally painted when making a speech, or studying one, which of course adds greatly to his appearance of age. Another pinch, Bilker? What, you wont? Well, I must. By-the-by, the bottle's out."

"Bottle out!" exclaimed the landlord; "well, have another, then!"

"Couldn't think of such a thing," replied the guest, with a delicate show of reluctance.

"Not a word—I wont hear a word."

"Well, since you're so pressing; but really I'm ashamed to—"

Before he could complete the sentence the landlord had quitted the room, and returned almost immediately with a fresh bottle, saying: "Ah, this is the right sort—the very best in my cellar. My service to you." And with a familiar nod to his companion, he filled his own glass, and then pushed his bottle towards his guest.

"Capital indeed," said the latter, and he tossed off the sparkling wine with all the gusto of a connoisseur.

When the bottle was more than half emptied, the landlord's eyes began to twinkle, and his articulation to thicken; his face, too, assumed that shiny look peculiar to fuddled landlords, and a patch of fiery red glowed like a live coal on the top of his nose.

"Do you know," he said, "putting on a look of uncommon sagacity, such as men are apt to wear when about to be delivered of a bright conception; "do you know, I've more than half a mind to call this hotel in future 'the Webster House?' The idea struck me when I was in the cellar just now; and I can't help thinking that Daniel would be pleased with the compliment!"

"Admirable idea—never heard a better!" And the servant pushed the bottle towards his host, himself discreetly avoiding it, like a sensible and respectable domestic who expected every moment to be summoned into his master's presence.

Gratified by his guest's approval, the landlord discussed the proposition with great eagerness, and was declaring his intention to have a sign painted without delay, when suddenly the good man's nether jaw dropped, and he exclaimed in tones of alarm, "That's my wife's voice, and now I shall catch it. Between you and me," he added, in a subdued whisper, "she's an excellent woman is Mrs. Bilker; sticks close to business—but such a vixen! Then, too, she's given to the 'sterics, always going off in some fit or other—"

He was here interrupted by the abrupt entrance of the lady in question, with her eyes flashing, and her cap half off her head.

"So, there you are, Bilker!" she exclaimed, in her shrillest tones; "I've been calling half over the house for you, and a precious condition I find you in! What *will* Mr. Webster think of you, when he sees you with that great, staring nose?"

"I can't help my nose, Mrs. B——; it was the the gift of Providence, and it is a sin and a shame to find fault with it."

"Hold your tongue, Bilker, you're drunk!"

"Me drunk?" exclaimed the astonished landlord; "how can you stand there, Mrs. B——, and tell such a bouncer?"

"My dear madam!" exclaimed Mr. Webster's domestic, thinking it best for all parties to practise the soothing system, "I am sure a lady of your good sense and delicate feeling will see at once that your husband, as the head of this establishment, could hardly have done otherwise than take a cheerful glass, in honor of Mr. Webster's visit, more especially as Mr. Webster has expressed himself so highly delighted with his reception."

"Why, that certainly does alter the case a little," replied the mollified dame. "Nevertheless, Bilker, I can tell by your nose that you've drank quite enough; so go and wash your face and make yourself tidy, for there's a deputation come up to wait on Mr. Webster with a complimentary address. Perhaps, sir," addressing the servant, "you had better go and inquire Mr. Webster's pleasure on the subject."

"I fear, ma'am, indeed, I'm quite certain, that Mr. Webster will decline receiving the deputation, for he's travelling for his health, and as a private gentleman; however, I'll go up and ascertain his pleasure."

In a few minutes he returned, and informed the deputation, consisting of several respectable citizens, headed by a sly attorney with a smooth face, that Mr. Webster deeply regretted his inability to receive them, which he should have considered the "proudest moment of his life," but he was laboring under a partial indisposition, and must therefore postpone the honor until his return from Washington.

Having with difficulty digested this disappointment, the deputation quitted the hotel, and then the landlady, who had by this time got over the first awe of his lordship, bursting with the natural curiosity of her sex to see more of so celebrated an individual, took the opportunity of knocking gently at his door under the pretext of inquiring at what hour he would wish to have breakfast in the morning. She soon returned to the kitchen, slightly flushed, and simpering with supreme satisfaction, and informed her husband, who at Mr. Webster's servant's instigation was busy getting up an extempore supper for all his household, the cost of which was to be defrayed by the illustrious visitor, that Mr. Webster was by far the civilest and pleasantest spoken gentleman she ever saw, without an atom of pride in him.

While the delighted dame was thus running on, in praise of her celebrated guest, the chambermaid entered the kitchen, and drawing one of the helpers aside into an adjoining pantry, said:

"O, John! I'm so shocked, you can't think."

"Indeed, what's the matter, Ella?" inquired the surprised helper.

"Why, when I was coming out of Mr. Webster's bed-room just now, I heard him talking and laughing with Mrs. Bilker in the dining-room, the door of which was ajar, and just as she was coming away, what do you think he did?"

"Can't imagine."

"Why, he actually kissed her!" and the chambermaid looked the very image of horror.

"What, the great Daniel Webster kiss Mistress Bilker? Impossible."

"But, I'll swear he did; for though I didn't see it, I heard the smack. O, John, John," added the moralizing chambermaid, "what *will* the world come to?"

"Kiss Mrs. Bilker!" repeated the helper. "The great Expounder of the Constitution kiss a tough old piece of goods like that! No, I'd just as soon believe our minister did it!"

But the girl stuck stoutly to her text; she had heard the smack, and as there can be no effect without a cause, her deduction was legitimate enough that the kiss was the cause of that smack. Finding her thus positive, the waiter did not contest the matter; he was a man of the world, and had seen many extraordinary things in his time; so after musing a few seconds, he exclaimed, with a philosophic shrug of the shoulders:

"Well, well, Ella, it's no affair of ours; great geniuses are queer, very queer, and there's no accounting for tastes."

Further conversation was here put an end to by the summons to the supper table, at which the whole household were assembled, the landlord presiding over the entertainment. The great man's confidential servant took his post at the right hand of the landlady, having previously ascertained that Mr. Webster would not require his further attendance, and by his jests, his queer stories, and watchful civilities, speedily won the favor of the company. Such jokes as he cracked, such droll stories as he told! The landlady simpered; the landlord's nose blushed like a poppy; the one-eyed stableman grinned from ear to ear with ecstacy. Bowls of strong drink disappeared like lightning, and it was not till nearly twelve o'clock that the revellers broke up, the servant remaining among the last; and as he rose to quit the table, he warned the landlord not to be surprised or alarmed if he should happen to hear Mr. Webster stirring about his room in the night, as he was a very indifferent sleeper, and seldom enjoyed rest until an advanced hour in the morning. He then squeezed his host's hand and bade him a cordial good night; and soon after all parties retired to their respective dormitories, where—thanks to their hearty supper—they dropped into instant slumber.

It was now deep midnight, and not a sound was to be heard within the hotel, but the melodious thorough-base of the landlord's nose, as he snored a duet with his wife. Bright visions of the future passed through the good man's brain. He dreamed of fortune rapidly acquired through the influence of his illustrious guest, and of more delights than he could remember when he awoke next morning.

In the excess of joy occasioned by these flattering visions, the ambitious Bilker suddenly awoke, and suddenly started up, for he imagined that he heard a noise like the stealthy opening of a door in the chamber beneath him, which was the one occupied by Mr. Webster. He listens—hark! there is a slight creaking of the boards! Presently a footstep traverses the floor—and a minute or two afterwards the window is thrown up! Could the great man be suddenly taken ill? Was he restless and harassed by political anxieties, or was he merely walking in his sleep? Mr. Bilker knew not what to think; but being unwilling to interfere, after the caution given him by his valet, he rubbed his eyes, yawned, fell back on his pillow, and was soon again wandering in the phantom-peopled land of Nod.

At an early hour next morning, when the household were just beginning to stir, and the drowsy man-servant was taking down the shutters in the dining-room, and letting the fresh air into that close, heated apartment, a horseman, whose steed seemed nearly spent with exhaustion, dismounted at the door of the hotel, and began thundering at it with all his might.

"Who's there?" inquired the man, thrusting his head out of the dining-room window. "What do you want?"

"I want to speak with your master, Mr. Bilker," replied the stranger.

"He's not come down yet."

"No matter—I must see him, for I've come on business of importance which admits of no delay."

On hearing this, the man hastened to the door and let in the stranger, and then went to call his master, who hurried down directly in his slippers; and no sooner saw the new-comer, than he recognized in him the landlord of the head inn at D——.

"Hey-day! what's the matter now, Jackson?" exclaimed the startled Mr. Bilker.

"Swindling's the matter—forgery's the matter—you're done, Bilker—done brown, as the saying is. Mr. Webster—"

"Well, well, what of him?—no bad family news, I hope?"

"Family news!" repeated Jackson, with a grim laugh. "Yes, family news enough and to spare. Mr. Webster, as he calls himself, is not only one of the 'Do' family, but one of its most distinguished members. He's a rank swindler, Bilker, and so is his sham servant."

"Impossible!" said the landlord, beginning, nevertheless, to turn exceedingly pale.

"Fact! They arranged, it seems to inform themselves accurately of the real Daniel Webster's movements, and learning that he was expected down the road about this time, they left Philadelphia yesterday, in a carriage and four, and by paying their way with counterfeit notes they contrived to escape detection till last night, when an express came to me from the livery stable keeper from whom they had procured their turn-out, acquainting us that he had discovered them to be swindlers, and requesting my aid in apprehending them, and also in exposing them as quickly as we could along the road. I had my suspicions of them when they changed horses yesterday at my house; but the fellow who played the part of Dan Webster looked so like him, and was, besides, so artfully muffled up, that I was afraid to take any decisive steps. However, the moment I learned how things were, I determined to lose as little time as possible in putting people on their guard. So I started off this morning just before it was light, thinking if they had passed the night here, as they were talking of doing, we might nab them before they were up."

"And so I will, by ——!" exclaimed the ferocious Bilker. "The infernal villains! If they'd only gone to any other hotel in the town, I shouldn't so much have minded; but to come and *do* me, who have been only six months in business—"

"Have they *done* you to any extent, then?" inquired Jackson, with a smile which he could not repress; for as Rouchefoucault has shrewdly remarked, there is something in the misfortunes of our friends which always causes us amusement.

"*Done* me?" thundered the exasperated Bilker. "Haven't they? I should think so, indeed! They've cleared my pantry, and cheated me out of some of the best wine in my cellar, and what makes the case still more aggravating, is that that valet, not content with drinking himself my best champagne, actually made *me* assist him in getting rid of it! The scoundrel got to the blind side of me by showing me a hundred dollar note, and telling me a story about Mr. Webster's being indisposed, though I might have known it was all gammon, for the fellow ate more like a horse than an invalid. And to think I should have gone bowing and scraping to such a scoundrel! Here, John, go instantly and fetch the constable!"

"O, sir! Mr. Bilker, here's a pretty to do!" screamed the chambermaid, rushing along the passage where the above dialogue was held. "They've gone—both off—the bedroom's empty—the window's wide open, and a rope ladder's hanging out of it!"

"Gone?" gasped the bewildered Bilker, exhibiting serious indication of apoplexy. "Gone! that accounts for the noise I heard last night, and which I was told to take no notice of. Gone! O what an ass I've been!"

"O, Hiram! Hiram Bilker!" exclaimed the landlady, who now joined the group, "not only are the villains gone, but all the plate on the side board's gone too! O, Hiram! it's an awful blow! I shall go off; I'm sure I shall!"

"Go off!" roared the half-frenzied husband; "d'ye think there hasn't been enough going off already this morning?"

Stung to the quick by the sarcasm, so unusual in her generally placid husband, and forgetting even the loss of her plate in the affront offered her before a stranger, the indignant landlady rushed in a paroxysm into the kitchen; and as a family quarrel generally runs through a household, she immediately let loose the flood-gates of her wrath on the unoffending cook; the cook resolving not to be the only sufferer, lost no time in abusing the porter; the porter visited his indignation on the one-eyed stable-man, and finding no one else he could safely attack, consoled himself by flinging a broom at the cat; so that in a short time the whole establishment was in as pretty a state of uproar as could be desired.

The landlord, meanwhile, continued stamping and swearing in a way dreadful to think of; the whole of that day he kept on swearing in different directions, while his friend Jackson posted placards on every wall for miles round; but all was in vain, the rogues were never caught; and to this day, though so many years have elapsed, Mr. Bilker never hears Daniel Webster's name mentioned, without shivering as if he had got an ague fit.

BELLS.

We Americans have at home little opportunity to know the grand effects produced by bells of a large size, as they roll forth their tones of an indescribable dignity and solemnity—a deep base to all the varied sounds of city life. The only large bells I know of in America, are: that on the city hall of New York, said to weigh 21,000 lbs., and two at Montreal, one upon the cathedral, weighing some 30,000 lbs., which is the largest one ever cast in England, unless the new bell for the parliament clock be larger, the weight of which I have not seen. The largest bell in England, except perhaps that just mentioned, was cast in 1845 for York Minster, and weighs rather more than 27,000 lbs. The most noted of the other English bells are the "Great Tom," at Oxford, 17,000 lbs., that at Lincoln, a little more than 11,000 lbs., and the principal one at Saint Paul's, a little less than that. But the bells on the continent of Europe far surpass those of Great Britain. At Erfurt, in Germany, is a very famous bell, weighing over 27,000 lbs., which was baptized by the name of Susanne, and is distinguished for the excellence of its metal, having the largest proportion of silver. It was cast in 1497, while Columbus was still exploring the Antilles, and Martin Luther was a child at school. As I stood by this noble bell, I thought, how often a few years later, with his exquisite sense of musical effects, must the future reformer have listened, delighted with its deep tones, as he went from house to house begging bread for himself and his brother monks. And what recollections must its voice have awakened within him, when he stopped at Erfurt and preached, while on his way to Worms; or towards the close of his life, when he came thither, the great apostle, honored and beloved by the third part of all Christendom!—*From a Lecture on Bells, by A. W. Thayer.*

TREATMENT OF THE HAIR.

If the ladies will trust to our science on the subject of hair, in the first place we can assure them, most confidentially, that so far is it from being true that oils and pomatums increase the lustre of the hair, their effect is to diminish that polish which it naturally possesses; while whatever gloss they may give to the hair which is dull, is false, and, like all other falsities, disgusting. Absolute cleanliness, by means of water alone, to commence, followed by brushing in the direction of the hair itself, in a dry state, is the true method of giving to the hair all the polish of which it is susceptible; and it is the effect of oils of all kinds to disturb or injure this; to say nothing of the disgust and necessary dirtiness of greasy hair. It is the effect of oils, also, to prevent it from curling; and this object is most effectually obtained, if without artificial means, by curling it when wet, and suffering it to dry in that state. And as it happens that almost all hair has a tendency to curl in one direction rather than another, it is useful to study that tendency, so as to conform to it in the artificial flexure given. As to artificial applications, the whole of the so-called curling fluids are mere impositions; while one, which is really effectual, and at the same time inoffensive, is a weak solution of isinglass, by which a very firm and permanent form can be given to the hair.—*London Magazine.*

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Our Curious Department.

[Gathered for The Flag of our Union.]

Ornithological Clock.

As botanists have constructed a flower clock, so (we read in the foreign journals) a German woodsman has recently invented an ornithological clock, by marking the hours of the waking and the first notes of the little singers. The signal is given by the chaffinch, the earliest riser among all the feathery tribes. Its song precedes the dawn, and is heard in summer from half-past one to two o'clock, A. M. Next, from two to half-past three o'clock, comes the black-cap (*Sylvia atricapilla*), whose warblings would equal those of the nightingale if they were not so very short. From half-past two to three o'clock the quail is heard. From three to half-past three the hedge sparrow. Then, from half-past three to four o'clock, we have the blackbird, the mocking-bird of our climates, which imitates all tunes so well that M. Dereau de La Malle made all the blackbirds of a French canton sing the Marseilles hymn, by letting loose a blackbird which had been taught that tune. From four to half-past four o'clock the lark pours forth its melodies; from half-past four to five o'clock the black-headed titmouse is heard. Lastly, from five to half-past five o'clock, the sparrow, the *gamin* of the skies, awakes and begins to chirp.

A white Negro.

Once, and only once, during my life, says Waterton, I have had an opportunity of examining minutely an entirely white negro. In the year 1812, there lived in the town of Stabroek, the capital of Demerara, a man of this complexion. He was a robust young fellow—by no means what they called an Albino, as his eyes were just of the same color as those of his tribe. He went by the name of Buckra Jem, or White Jemmy, and was a tailor by trade. I found his skin in all respects the same as my own, saving that where the sun had given mine the appearance of mahogany, his was blotched with broad freckles of a lighter tint. In other respects he was in reality a negro from head to foot. He stood apparently about five feet nine inches in height, with a finely expanded chest, and a back as straight as an arrow. But he was deficient in the calves of his legs, while you could not help remarking the protrusion of his heels, so remarkable in the negro. Both his father and his mother were healthy jet black negroes. He appeared to be about twenty years old, and was probably the only white negro ever seen in Demerara.

A romantic Case.

An interesting trial is about to take place in Bucharest. One of the great families of this country, that of Brankovan, was supposed to have become extinct some years ago, and the last member of it adopted the son of Prince Bibesco. An old man, seventy-five years of age, in the service of Russia, has, however, just put in a claim to the property, on the ground that he is the lawful successor to Catherine II., Prince of Brankovan, and Voivolde of Wallachia, a century ago. This person was, it appears, accused of high treason, and the Turkish government sent janissaries to his palace, who decapitated him, and carried off his children to Constantinople. There the children were ordered to be strangled, and they were all killed except one, who by some means escaped, a negro boy being killed in his place. The little Brankovan was conveyed to Georgia, and when he grew to man's estate married a princess of the country. By that princess he had a son, who is the person who has now come forward.

Curious Fact.

A proof of the well known fact in natural history, that a toad continues to live, although deprived of food, light and air, was witnessed at Kinnahaird, in Ross-shire. One of Mr. Ross's sons, on the 12th of August, 1856, placed a live toad in a box about four inches square, and buried it a foot and a half under ground. On the 12th of August, this year, the box was dug up, and, on removing the lid, the toad was found to be alive, and apparently in excellent health, and it walked off as if nothing had happened.

Strange Delusion.

Curious delusions as to the powers of sorcery still occur from time to time in criminal courts—witness the following instance which we clip from an exchange: "Hannah Banks admitted, recently, before the public tribunal at Hull, England, that she had roasted a toad alive, pounded it with the food of her fellow-servant, to induce him to love her—but alas! unavailingly."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO FANNY.

BY MERRIVALE SMITH.

They're false who tell us Love has wings
To fly away when pressed by sorrow,
That as he floats he gaily sings,
"I'll come if the sun shines to-morrow."
But, Fanny, dear, do we not know
That gentle, heavenly Love reposes
Upon the iron couch of woe
As sweet as on his bed of roses.

There is a spirit men call love,
That owes its birth to sordid passion,
That flutters like the moth above
And round the gilded shrine of fashion;
This is he that plumes his wings
And flies the field when pressed by sorrow;
This is he that lightly sings,
"I'll come if the sun shines to-morrow."

But Love, that in his bowers on high
Poets have seen in spirit vision,
That brings the glory of the sky
Earthwards on his gentle mission,
Grows brighter as the night comes on,
Sings sweeter when dull woes invade us,
And when we cannot see the sun,
We feel Love's pinion overshade us.

Let Fortune—summer nymph—depart,
Let Hope prove false, and Sorrow lower;
These cannot settle round the heart,
Where Love has built his sunny bower.
Old Time may steal from Beauty's crown
The diamond youth, that shines so splendid;
But Love will smooth each wrinkle down,
And sing of youth when time is ended.

When Love forsakes his native skies
To revel in thy soft caresses,
While sleeping in those beaming eyes,
I'll bind him with those golden tresses;
And as we glide down life's dull stream,
We'll make him pilot, and if any
Shadows float across our dream,
Love will chase them off, dear Fanny.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BRIDE OF CONRADIN:
— OR, —
THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

In the year 1265, Pope Clement IV. granted the investiture of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to Charles of Anjou, Count of Provence, and brother of St. Louis. This offer was shackled with a condition that he should do fealty and homage to the Holy See, and present the pope annually with a white riding horse, and a tribute of eight million ounces of gold.*

Charles was crowned at Rome, raised an army of crusaders, and defeated Mainfroi, the son of Frederic II., who had caused himself to be proclaimed king. Conradin, grandson of Frederic II., was the lawful heir to the throne, and Charles vanquished him in the plains of Tagliacozzi.

The Sicilians were uneasy under the French rule. They had no affinity with that nation; and it galled their proud spirits to submit to the yoke. The death of Conradin, too, the rightful heir, was still fresh in their memories, and to their excited souls seemed to cry to them for vengeance. Had he been slain on the battle-field, they would perhaps have submitted with patience to the fortunes of war; but he was taken prisoner, and afterwards with his friend, Frederic of Austria, beheaded by order of Charles, on the twenty-ninth of October, 1268.

From this time, the Sicilians kept themselves ripe for a revolt, for the next fourteen years; inwardly chafing and smarting under the foreign rule which they hated, and yet unable to throw it off. Still, as it worked slowly and silently, all knew that the moment must come at last. It needed but a few strong and determined spirits, to give the embryo conspiracy a form and life. John de Procida of Salerno, was, most likely, the master spirit,† that roused up the latent spark, and ripened it into a flame. The Sicilians listened to the whispered plot, and only watched the moment when that flame should reach the foot of the throne.

Situated outside of Palermo, was the noted church of the Holy Ghost. It was a secluded spot where it stood, inviting to prayer and devotion, far from the noise and bustle of the busy town. Hither, at the hour of vespers, came the inhabitants of Palermo, to perform their evening devotions. Close to the church of the Holy Ghost, a villa of considerable size had been erected by William Porcellet, a French gentleman, whose virtues had endeared him to the hearts of the Sicilians, in spite of the prejudice existing against his countrymen generally.

Noble, manly and brave, yet courteous and conciliating, Porcellet united all the qualities in his own character, which constitute the Christian and the gentleman. He had left the vine-clad hills of Provence, some years before; and charmed with the scenery which surrounded Palermo, had fixed his residence in a romantic spot under the very shadow of the venerable church. In the yew-shaded church-yard reposed the ashes of his wife and two brave boys; and he now resided alone with his daughter Blanche, to whom he had transferred all the love which he had borne to those who were gone from his sight. All that affection could suggest, or wealth purchase, was showered upon Blanche Porcellet; a being as fair and sweet as the violet, and like that, too, ever modest and retiring.

They only who have had their affections concentrated upon one dear object, can imagine the tenderness with which Blanche was regarded by her father. She was beloved, too, by the grave and melancholy Sicilians, who saw little in her or her father that assimilated with the character of the French nation. Mingling occasionally with the highest society in Palermo, Blanche became acquainted with Clementina Dalmatiani, the Sicilian lady who was to have been the bride of the young Conradin, heir to the throne of Sicily.

The mourning habit of the almost widowed bride; the deep seclusion in which she had lived for fourteen years, devoting herself to the memory of Conradin; her fervent devotion in religious duties, and the air of melancholy sadness which overshadowed a face, which, though no longer young, was yet beautiful in its pale mournfulness, all attracted the interest of Blanche Porcellet, and made her long to know the beautiful lady who came so constantly to the church of the Holy Ghost.

At the house of a mutual friend in Palermo, her desire was gratified, while on a quiet morning visit. Although averse to strangers, Clementina had heard of the lovely and interesting Blanche Porcellet; and, scarce knowing that she was of French blood, she saw her but to love her. With all the ardor of her loving nature, Blanche returned it; and thenceforward the two—different in age, in social position, in nation—became true and lasting friends.

Clementina was but sixteen when Conradin was doomed to death. Of a slight figure, and pale, delicate countenance, she looked scarce older now, although she numbered thirty years. In her heart, the longing for the downfall of Charles of Anjou never slept. It was her sleeping or waking dream; and until that was accomplished, she deemed it impossible that she could ever know peace again.

None of this, however, mingled with her conversations with Blanche. As they came out of the church, and wandered through the quiet paths that surrounded the graves of the dead, a gentle sadness shadowed her countenance, and she spoke of sorrow and mournful separation; but this was all. Conradin's name never passed her lips; and Blanche, while she longed to comfort and console, did not dare to intrude upon a sorrow that was too deep for words.

John de Procida had one son, Paulo de Procida, who was educated at Palermo. Long before his education was completed, he had seen and loved Blanche Porcellet; and her father, apprehensive of his own death and the consequent desolation of his daughter, and admiring the talents and virtues of the suitor, willingly gave his consent to their union. They were married at the church of the Holy Ghost; and Porcellet stipulating that his daughter should never leave him, Procida took up his abode with the father of his bride.

Of course this marriage partially separated Blanche from her new friend; for Clementina had a morbid feeling against witnessing the happiness of a married pair, since the dreadful event which so cruelly blighted her own hopes.

In vain Blanche entreated her to renew her visits. Sometimes when she knew that Paulo was at Salerno with his father, she could prevail upon her to pass a few hours with her; but on his entrance, she would flee like a startled bird from his sight. This was very painful to Procida. He knew that she loved and respected his father, and her conduct towards him filled him with sorrow; for no one had so fully entered into her feelings in regard to the unrighteous murder of Conradin, as John and Paulo de Procida. A mere child at the time of the transaction, Paulo remembered it vividly, and his horror of Charles of Anjou, and the detestation in which he held him, grew stronger and stronger every year.

One year before, a Frenchman by the name of Drouette, had taken up his abode at Palermo. He was vain, silly and egotistical; vaunting his countrymen as the wisest and most polished nation on earth, and constantly comparing them with the Sicilians, to the disadvantage of the latter. With the movements of a dancing master, and the manners of a fifth rate play actor, Drouette attempted to shine among the grave and formal Palermitans, as a gem of the first water; and his absurd pretensions raised the laugh against him, rendering him almost furious.

A respectable but somewhat reduced Sicilian merchant lived near Drouette's house. He had an only daughter, who was very beautiful; and, much to his sorrow, he was obliged to allow this cherished child to work at a public establishment where garments were manufactured for the army. The poor man was long in making up his mind whether to suffer this humiliation or not, but poverty at length decided the case for him. He comforted himself that he could always go for her, at night, and indeed he did so for some months; until, one night, he was too much indisposed to venture out, after an unusually hard day's work.

Constantia waited for him until late, and then ventured out by herself. On the way she was overtaken by Drouette who, half-intoxicated as he was, staggered up to her and kissed her. Her cry of anger and fear was heard by several gentlemen who knew her, and one of them applied his cane, very unceremoniously, to the drunken brute, who was soon roaring with pain, and swearing vengeance on Constantia and her defenders.

The next day, all Palermo was ringing with the affair; and the revolt, so long in embryo, burst out the more violently for being suppressed so long. Secret meetings were hastily held; other cities apprised of what was going on; the total destruction and massacre of the French everywhere agreed upon; and the hour of vespers was the time appointed for the insurrectionists to commence their work.

The elder Procida was among them, zealous, fearless and active, but as the hour drew nigh, there were whispers that Paulo was absent.

"Absent with his French bride!" "Protecting the Frenchman, Porcellet!" "Shame on the Sicilian who would bow down to the Gallic yoke!" "Death to all Frenchmen!" "Let us protect our wives and daughters!" were some of the cries that filled Palermo and its suburbs that day.

Meantime, Paulo de Procida was suffering tortures for which the condemned might shrink from exchanging his own. On the one hand, his father and friends, calling upon him to assist in exterminating the French, and on the other, Blanche and her father who must be protected at all risks. Such was the pure and perfect life of Porcellet, that as yet no one had included him in the strife; but after the victims were nearly despatched, a band of the most reckless of the Sicilians, who were not yet satiated with blood, found their way to his house.

They had no difficulty in entering, for the doors were not secured. They rushed in with lawless haste, and with oaths still upon their lips. Their leader turned aside into a large room which was lighted, for it was now the hour of vespers, and the church bell was still ringing from the tower.

Even the rudest being in that rude company started at the sight that met his gaze. Porcellet was standing, grave and serene as ever, apparently unmoved by surrounding events, as far as they concerned himself. He expected death, but he was meeting it with a lofty composure, that only wavered when he looked down at the kneeling Blanche, whose face was buried in her husband's bosom, as he too knelt beside her. Not even this sight turned the crowd from their purpose; but, advancing from the kneeling group, with a face like marble, and her figure shrouded in the deepest mourning, came the bride of Conradin, Clementina Dalmatiani. At sight of her, they uncovered their heads, and stood, as if awaiting her commands.

"In the name of Conradin, I bid you to depart without molesting these people. They are *mine!* Touch not a hair of their heads, if you hope for pardon from God for this night's revengeful work. If ye are brave men, ye will not war upon age and weakness."

"But Paulo de Procida the traitor! He is neither old nor a woman!" And at the utterance of these words, the crowd swayed forward as if to crush him. Clementina stood fearlessly in the doorway, her face lighted up with a sudden glow of crimson, that trembled on her pale face like the flash of red wine in crystal cups.

"Are ye men!" she said, "that ye would leave your own wives unprotected, at a time like this? Is there a Sicilian here that would not do as this man has done? It would be brave, indeed, to leave this frail trembler to your tender mercies!"

The crowd slunk back ashamed, if not convinced, and as they emerged into the bright moonlight that was now bathing every object without, a shout long and loud rent the air for the Bride of Conradin!

Morning came, and the bright sun rose and shone over Sicily; over Sicily, whose soil was damp with the blood of Frenchmen. Everywhere the red streams had stained the earth—everywhere the dead met the eye. Among those who were abroad on that morning, was William Porcellet and Paulo de Procida; but not an arm was raised against the former—not a voice denounced the latter as a traitor. Clementina's word was a law to the lowest and rudest Sicilian. Could they have made her their queen, it would have been joy to do so; but she who came so near to the throne, as Conradin's bride, would have shrunk from occupying it alone.

Before the hour of vespers, every trace was cleared from the earth, of the carnage that had disfigured it; and the Sicilians, sitting in conclave, had resolved upon surrendering to the pope. The banner of the church already floated from their castle, and everything was arranged. But a few controlling spirits who came late to the conference, suggested a different plan, which was at length adopted.

Peter III., King of Arragon, was then cruising with a fleet off the African coast; and it was proposed to send a deputation to him, offering him the crown. He accepted the offer, and was crowned King of Sicily, on his arrival at Palermo.

No lovelier star beamed at the court of Peter III. than Blanche. No braver soldier drew sword for his country than Paulo de Procida. They who were at first ready to stigmatize him as a traitor, found that, although he did not participate in the wholesale butchery of the Sicilian vespers, his sword was ever ready in equal combat.

A little while Blanche shared the pleasures of a court; but her pure soul turned from these scenes of folly, to the calm delights of her home. When peace reigned over Sicily, she blessed the quiet retreat in the shadow of the old church—the dearest spot to her on earth, when shared with husband, father and friend.

With friend—for Clementina's frail life was now nearly drawing to its close, and to whose care could she be more justly entitled, than theirs whose lives she had saved? Day by day, the angel's wings seemed unfolding, that should bear her to the spirit world, where Conradin waited her coming. Day by day, the feeble frame grew weaker, and the courageous spirit stronger.

It was a wintry day in March, the second day of Easter, and just a year from that night of bloodshed and destruction. The winds were sighing through the old trees that surrounded the church, and made doleful music in the long grove that led to the mansion of the Porcellets. Meet day for one so sad to die in! To her that mournful strain, so sweetly sad, might have sounded like the call from the bridegroom to his dying bride, to rejoin him where they would be "as the angels in heaven."

Blanche held the pale hand in her own, and her tears flowed apace.

"Weep not, sweet friend," said Clementina. "This is not death, but the portal to life, through which I am passing. Rejoice that the spirit will soon be free; that I go *now*—for do I not hear the sound of the vesper bell? Rejoice that she who bears life's dark gift so heavily, should go hence. I come, my Conradin!"

And she who should have worn the crown on earth, had gone to wear the martyr's crown, reserved for those who have won it on earth, through much tribulation. Like all mournful, weeping souls, she had "gone forth, bearing her sheaves with her." She had indeed, passed away at the vesper hour; and the soft, sweet, melancholy chime seemed fitting music to herald her spirit into the heavenly presence.

* History of Revolutions in Europe.

† Professor Koch, in his History of Revolutions in Europe, does not incline to this version of the matter; but this is the popular belief.

ATTENTION, GIRLS!

There is a great scarcity of domestics in Kansas. You can get any amount of wages, if you can only get there. And what is still more interesting to you, eligible males are as plenty as mosquitoes at the seashore, and wives as scarce as silver dollars. Girls there are raised from the rank of servant to that of mistress, as suddenly as tavern keepers are made colonels in this part of the world. When you go, be sure to take with you a white veil, kid gloves and orange flowers. A gold ring also would be an advisable article, for a jewel of a girl.—*Philadelphia Journal.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Concord, N. H.—Address a note to A. Williams & Co., Boston, they will give the required information.

Young America, Boston.—A good general education and acquaintance with history is necessary for a politician. The beginner should make himself well acquainted with the history of his country. The "Statesman's Manual," containing the messages of all the presidents, is a valuable work. Files of newspapers, such as the "National Intelligencer," "Washington Globe," and "Union," should be studied. It is impossible to mark out any particular course of study.—Political works are not furnished at Washington on application.

S. M., Wrentham, Mass.—Rev. Henry Giles's lecture, so far as the narration is concerned, is based on Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Bronte, but his knowledge of human nature, his powers of analysis, and his glowing eloquence, impart a charm to the theme, even to those perfectly familiar with the book.

S. M., Essex St.—Get Thomas Moore's Life of Sheridan. It is not what the author might have made it, but it is still deeply interesting.

Scholar.—Perhaps Chapman's Drawing-Book might suit as well as any. Nutting's drawing-books are valuable for young beginners.

M. M.—The peculiar flavor of the Rhine wines, called by the Germans *gare*—cannot be described.

Commissioner.—The annual consumption of water by the inhabitants of London is about 8,977,388,000 imperial gallons.

Mechanic.—The invention of spring watches dates from about the middle of the 16th century, and has been warmly contested for Huygens and Hooke. English writers generally support the claims of the latter.

Bon-Vivant.—Sardines are a species of the herring tribe. They are caught in considerable quantities on the coast of Great Britain, and are exceedingly plentiful on the coasts of Algarve in Portugal, Andalusia and Granada in Spain, and along the shores of Italy. The small sardines, caught on the coast of Provence, in France, are esteemed the best.

Reader, East Boston.—In 1738, when Nadir Shah invaded Hindostan, he entered Delhi, and dreadful massacres and famine followed; 100,000 of the inhabitants perished by the sword; and plunder to the amount of £62,000,000 sterling was said to have been collected. The same calamities were endured in 1761, on the invasion of Abdalla, king of Candahar. In 1803 the Mahrattas, aided by the French, got possession of this place, but they were afterwards defeated by General Lake, and the aged Shah Aulum, emperor of Hindostan, was restored to his throne.

Thespis.—We believe that John Mills Brown, the actor, is still living—engaged in farming somewhere on Long Island, N. Y.

FIGHTING AND PRAYING MEN.

Among the sternest duties that devolve upon mankind is the occasional necessity of taking up arms, and going forth to slay or to be slain in some great cause. War, from whatever point of view it be contemplated, is a frightful evil. It is accompanied by immediate and followed by remote and permanent misery, too well understood, alas! to be commented and dilated on. That many wars have been unnecessary and unjustifiable is also well understood—unholy wars that have been called holy, but from which the inexorable hand of history tears away the veil that conceals the abhorred features of the Moloch. But amidst the mist arising from innumerable fields of carnage tower some forms of warriors clad in the panoply of truth, before whom the muse of history kneels in admiration and respect, at whose feet she lays laurels ever green and fresh, and glorious, though the crimson drop may rest on their enameled leaves. There are the Washingtons, the Tells, the Hampdens, who have drawn the sword only at the call of their country, in whose hands the shining weapons are the rods with which God chastises the tyrants and oppressors. While condemning and deploring war in general, we must except many an individual struggle, such as that of our own Revolution, in which the shedding of blood was justified by the national conscience and the voice of religion.

And who, it may be asked, have ever been found the bravest among the brave, the most fearless, the most reliable, the most lenient in victory? Not the Dugald Dalgettys of military service—not the paid Hessians and the hireling Switzers, but the men of principle and prayer. Sternest and bravest in battle, were the iron followers of Cromwell—the men of the "Bible and the sword"—the followers of Gustavus Adolphus, the Huguenots who trod in the wake of the "white plume of Navarre," and the descendants of the rigid Puritans of New England; men who planted the starred and striped banner on the topmost heights of glory. Nor are there wanting examples of these praying and fighting warriors in our time. At a meeting of the Hibernian Bible Society, held in Belfast a few weeks since, the Rev. Mr. Graham, of Bonn, one of the missionaries of the Irish Presbyterian Church to the Jews, mentioned this fact: He had to tell them that General Havelock, who is now so distinguished in India, although a Baptist, was a member of his (Mr. Graham's) Missionary Church at Bonn, and his wife and daughter were members of it for seven years. He could also narrate an anecdote regarding the great and good man, which he had heard from the lips of Lady Havelock. When General Havelock, as colonel of his regiment, was travelling through India, he always took with him a Bethel tent, in which he preached the gospel; and when Sunday came in India he usually hoisted the Bethel flag, and invited all men to come and hear the gospel—a fact; he even baptized some. He was reported for this at head-quarters, for acting in a non-military and disorderly manner—and the commander-in-chief, General Lord Gough, entertained the charge, but, with the true spirit of a generous military man, he caused the state of Colonel Havelock's regiment to be examined. He caused the reports of the moral state of the various regiments to be read for some time back, and he found that Colonel Havelock's stood at the head of the list; there was less drunkenness, less flogging, less imprisonment in it than any other. When that was done, the commander-in-chief said, "Go and tell Colonel Havelock, with my compliments, to baptize the whole army."

And what influence over his men such a character obtains, may be seen in the following letter from a sergeant in the 78th Highlanders, to a brother in Scotland: "*Cawnpore,* August 17—Cholera, etc., breaking out amongst us, we were obliged to put back for Cawnpore. It has been justly said, 'The British soldier should never show his back,' and so it seems, for no sooner had we done so than we were assailed by a legion of these black devils, accompanied by a battery of cannon, in overwhelming numbers. We immediately showed our foes a bold front, and, as our regiment was reduced to one hundred and twenty men, you may fancy what a contemptible appearance we made. But appearances are deceitful. All eyes were turned on our noble general (Havelock) to see what his orders were; and I still think I see the peculiar look he gave us, and in which the man appeared to triumph over the soldier. I felt as if he said, '78th, I know that these guns must be taken, yet Heaven knows how. At the same time I am exposing you to certain death; duty bids me give the order "forward," and humanity bids me stay—what say you, Highlanders?' But, as if an electric shock had passed through us, a simultaneous movement was felt throughout our columns as each grasped his musket and rushed on to take the guns. Onward we flew, and so decisive was our attack that the rebels appeared stupefied as we captured the guns, and returned, strange to tell, without losing a man. I think I can never forget old Havelock as he gazed upon us, his eyes filled with tears, and his voice tremulous with emotion, while, in the fulness of his heart, he exclaimed, 'Thank, you, 78th, you have saved the army!' Such words, from such a man and at such a time, will never be forgotten."

The moral of this is, that religion, instead of unfitting men for the practical duties of life, renders them in the highest degree serviceable and efficient—in fact that religion is the vital element of every true character.

TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND.

Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain: "On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never met with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, and in return she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend the captain. The captain being a man of an original turn of mind, says to the young lady, 'Jump overboard, and marry the man that jumps after you.' The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat manned in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea, head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain, 'What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?' Says the captain, 'Take the dry one!' And the young lady did, and she married him."

A FAST YOUNG MAN.

An amusing little incident is pleasantly related in "Guy Livingston."—It was at a picnic; Charley had just turned of nineteen years; he wandered away and got lost with Kate Harcourt, a self-possessed beauty in high condition for flirting, for she had had three seasons of hard training. When they had been away from their party about two hours, she felt, or pretended to feel, the awkwardness of their situation, and asked her cavalier, in a charmingly helpless and confiding way, what they were to do. "Well, I hardly know," said Charley, languidly; "but I don't mind proposing to you, if that will do any good." A fair performance for an untried colt, was it not?

A Mother's Plot.—A certain mother has a son, who perversely falls in love with the very woman she likes least in the world; but instead of stimulating rebellion by opposition, she adopts the milder and more insinuating method of keeping the young folks together, apart from society, till mutual weariness snaps the tie of inconvenient affections, and allows the promotion of more eligible bonds.

A Spartan Notion.—What Yankee would have lived in Sparta? If, in Sparta, a young man purchased an estate upon advantageous terms, or made what is termed a good bargain, he was rendered accountable to the state, and fined for being unjust, in buying a thing under its value!

Victims of the Sepoys.—Among the unfortunate victims who perished in the massacres at Cawnpore were four Roman Catholic clergymen. They were put to death with great barbarities. Their chapel also was dismantled and partially destroyed.

Fashion.—The latest London and Paris fashion prints shows us ladies wearing a broad-brimmed hat, decked with a modest feather—an exceedingly graceful head gear, worthy of universal adoption.

Young America.—A boy by the name of Martin has been arrested in Albany, for selling his mother's stove, in order to raise money to bet on a fight between a pair of game cocks.

Page married.—Page, the American painter, has just married a charming young widow at Rome, disregarding old Weller's admonition to "beware of vidders."

The happy Pair.—Bayard Taylor is booked for a visit to Idlewild with his fair German bride, when he returns to this country.

A bad Bill.—A bill (Wm.) that promises to pay and does not, is a liar-Bill-ity.

HINTS FOR WINTER.

The winter has fairly set in, and people are beginning to speculate as to its probable severity. God bless the poor! They will have a hard time of it, whether the season be severe or open. Let every man who has a dollar to spare, see to it that he contributes to the comfort of those who are shivering beside desolate hearthstones—so shall his own fireside glow with a ruddier welcome when he comes home at night. One good deed of charity is fully equal to half a ton of coal in warming up the system. From those who have comfortable homes, complaints of the cold are absurd. Up and be doing. Take a cold bath when you get out of bed—and then, when you are dressed, a brisk walk, or better yet, a run. Don't think it undignified to run of a snapping morning—running never disgraced man except he was running the wrong way on a field of battle. And when you walk, don't go shivering and shuffling along at a snail's pace, with your hands in your pockets, and your ears buried in the collar of your Raglan, but step out boldly, swing your arms, face the music, and be a hero. Lose no opportunity of out-door exercise—saw wood, skate, coast, do anything but yield lumpishly and cowardly to the torpid influences of our Arctic winter. Don't say you can't bear cold; we beg you wont. Think of Dr. Kane and his companions, and blush to your ears.

But must one spend all his time in driving about like a leaf in a gale? By no means. Take abundance of exercise, and let it be violent, and you can compress it into a brief space of time. Then the long winter evenings, instead of an affliction, will prove a positive blessing. You can do so much reading and study. No musquitoes, no temptations to water parties and moonlight serenades. Social gatherings there must be, of course, and what better time for a bounding dance than a brisk winter evening, when some more than fire heat is necessary to send the blood dancing through the veins. And if you dance, do it with a will. Don't glide and walk through a figure languidly in the lackadaisical style of "our best society;" but get up something stirring—an old-fashioned country dance, or one of those reels, with countless couples, that may be kept up to infinity. How much do you think you would care about the Ronzani Troupe, if Lamoureux, and the Pratesis and Barettis and Cechetti walked the track like a racer whose competitor had paid forfeit? Just nothing at all. It may be very vulgar to dance with animation; but it is also very stupid to do otherwise.

We may make what we please of Old Winter. We may make him either a crusty old curmudgeon or a jolly old brick. To some he is a mortal foeman, to others a genial and mirth-inspiring old gentleman. Give him a hearty, frank welcome, and he pays you back in the same coin; look at him distrustfully, and he is as sour as verjuice.

BALLOU'S HOLIDAY PICTORIAL.

We have just issued, date January 1st, 1858, a large folio sheet with the above title, and containing from seventy to a hundred large and elegant engravings, of a timely and attractive character, with a new and appropriate heading. It is printed on fine thick paper, and will sell for preservation long after the date it bears. The retail price is ten cents per copy. The facilities possessed by Ballou's Publishing House for issuing such a paper, in the best style, is a guarantee that the above is a very beautiful and valuable pictorial sheet, such an one as will find a ready sale everywhere. The subjects illustrated are mainly of a national character, Christmas and New Year themes, and a sprinkling of humorous designs, with a few portraits of eminent men, Boston and New York street scenes, one or two large battle-pieces, the North American Indians in council,—and in short, a variety of fine pictures, completely filling the folio sheet on four sides.

☞ Any person enclosing us *ten cents* will receive a copy by return of mail, *postage paid.* Also for sale at all of the periodical depots in the country.

A good Lesson.—At a certain knitting establishment in Troy, the proprietor some weeks since informed his hands that he should be obliged to suspend operations, as he had no demand for his goods. The operators avoided a suspension, however, by a method as novel as it was creditable. They ran the mill on half time, and purchased in the afternoon the goods which they had manufactured in the morning, peddling them through the city and vicinity. In this way they have kept themselves in employment ever since.

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Brigham the Mormon to James the President.—"You may think to whip me with 1200 troops, but I'm not so Young as you take me for."

And what influence over his men such a character obtains, may be seen in the following letter from a sergeant in the 78th Highlanders, to a brother in Scotland: "*Cawnpore*, August 17—Cholera, etc., breaking out amongst us, we were obliged to put back for Cawnpore. It has been justly said, 'The British soldier should never show his back,' and so it seems, for no sooner had we done so than we were assailed by a legion of these black devils, accompanied by a battery of cannon, in overwhelming numbers. We immediately showed our foes a bold front, and, as our regiment was reduced to one hundred and twenty men, you may fancy what a contemptible appearance we made. But appearances are deceitful. All eyes were turned on our noble general (Havelock) to see what his orders were; and I still think I see the peculiar look he gave us, and in which the man appeared to triumph over the soldier. I felt as if he said, '78th, I know that these guns must be taken, yet Heaven knows how. At the same time I am exposing you to certain death; duty bids me give the order "forward," and humanity bids me stay—what say you, Highlanders?' But, as if an electric shock had passed through us, a simultaneous movement was felt throughout our columns as each grasped his musket and rushed on to take the guns. Onward we flew, and so decisive was our attack that the rebels appeared stupefied as we captured the guns, and returned, strange to tell, without losing a man. I think I can never forget old Havelock as he gazed upon us, his eyes filled with tears, and his voice tremulous with emotion, while, in the fulness of his heart, he exclaimed, 'Thank, you, 78th, you have saved the army!' Such words, from such a man and at such a time, will never be forgotten."

The moral of this is, that religion, instead of unfitting men for the practical duties of life, renders them in the highest degree serviceable and efficient—in fact that religion is the vital element of every true character.

TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND.

Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain: "On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never met with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, and in return she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend the captain. The captain being a man of an original turn of mind, says to the young lady, 'Jump overboard, and marry the man that jumps after you.' The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat manned in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea, head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain, 'What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?' Says the captain, 'Take the dry one!' And the young lady did, and she married him."

A FAST YOUNG MAN.

An amusing little incident is pleasantly related in "Guy Livingston."—It was at a picnic; Charley had just turned of nineteen years; he wandered away and got lost with Kate Harcourt, a self-possessed beauty in high condition for flirting, for she had had three seasons of hard training. When they had been away from their party about two hours, she felt, or pretended to feel, the awkwardness of their situation, and asked her cavalier, in a charmingly helpless and confiding way, what they were to do. "Well, I hardly know," said Charley, languidly; "but I don't mind proposing to you, if that will do any good." A fair performance for an untried colt, was it not?

A MOTHER'S PLOT.—A certain mother has a son, who perversely falls in love with the very woman she likes least in the world; but instead of stimulating rebellion by opposition, she adopts the milder and more insinuating method of keeping the young folks together, apart from society, till mutual weariness snaps the tie of inconvenient affections, and allows the promotion of more eligible bonds.

A SPARTAN NOTION.—What Yankee would have lived in Sparta? If, in Sparta, a young man purchased an estate upon advantageous terms, or made what is termed a good bargain, he was rendered accountable to the state, and fined for being unjust, in buying a thing under its value!

VICTIMS OF THE SEPOYS.—Among the unfortunate victims who perished in the massacres at Cawnpore were four Roman Catholic clergymen. They were put to death with great barbarities. Their chapel also was dismantled and partially destroyed.

FASHION.—The latest London and Paris fashion prints shows us ladies wearing a broad-brimmed hat, decked with a modest feather—an exceedingly graceful head gear, worthy of universal adoption.

YOUNG AMERICA.—A boy by the name of Martin has been arrested in Albany, for selling his mother's stove, in order to raise money to bet on a fight between a pair of game cocks.

PAGE MARRIED.—Page, the American painter, has just married a charming young widow at Rome, disregarding old Weller's admonition to "beware of vidders."

THE HAPPY PAIR.—Bayard Taylor is booked for a visit to Idlewild with his fair German bride, when he returns to this country.

A BAD BILL.—A bill (Wm.) that promises to pay and does not, is a liar-Bill-ity.

HINTS FOR WINTER.

The winter has fairly set in, and people are beginning to speculate as to its probable severity. God bless the poor! They will have a hard time of it, whether the season be severe or open. Let every man who has a dollar to spare, see to it that he contributes to the comfort of those who are shivering beside desolate hearthstones—so shall his own fireside glow with a ruddier welcome when he comes home at night. One good deed of charity is fully equal to half a ton of coal in warming up the system. From those who have comfortable homes, complaints of the cold are absurd. Up and be doing. Take a cold bath when you get out of bed—and then, when you are dressed, a brisk walk, or better yet, a run. Don't think it undignified to run of a snapping morning—running never disgraced man except he was running the wrong way on a field of battle. And when you walk, don't go shivering and shuffling along at a snail's pace, with your hands in your pockets, and your ears buried in the collar of your Raglan, but step out boldly, swing your arms, face the music, and be a hero. Lose no opportunity of out-door exercise—saw wood, skate, coast, do anything but yield lumpishly and cowardly to the torpid influences of our Arctic winter. Don't say you can't bear cold; we beg you wont. Think of Dr. Kane and his companions, and blush to your ears.

But must one spend all his time in driving about like a leaf in a gale? By no means. Take abundance of exercise, and let it be violent, and you can compress it into a brief space of time. Then the long winter evenings, instead of an affliction, will prove a positive blessing. You can do so much reading and study. No musquitoes, no temptations to water parties and moonlight serenades. Social gatherings there must be, of course, and what better time for a bounding dance than a brisk winter evening, when some more than fire heat is necessary to send the blood dancing through the veins. And if you dance, do it with a will. Don't glide and walk through a figure languidly in the lackadaisical style of "our best society;" but get up something stirring—an old-fashioned country dance, or one of those reels, with countless couples, that may be kept up to infinity. How much do you think you would care about the Ronzani Troupe, if Lamoureux, and the Pratesis and Barettis and Cechetti walked the track like a racer whose competitor had paid forfeit? Just nothing at all. It may be very vulgar to dance with animation; but it is also very stupid to do otherwise.

We may make what we please of Old Winter. We may make him either a crusty old curmudgeon or a jolly old brick. To some he is a mortal foeman, to others a genial and mirth-inspiring old gentleman. Give him a hearty, frank welcome, and he pays you back in the same coin; look at him distrustfully, and he is as sour as verjuice.

BALLOU'S HOLIDAY PICTORIAL.

We have just issued, date January 1st, 1858, a large folio sheet with the above title, and containing from seventy to a hundred large and elegant engravings, of a timely and attractive character, with a new and appropriate heading. It is printed on fine thick paper, and will sell for preservation long after the date it bears. The retail price is ten cents per copy. The facilities possessed by Ballou's Publishing House for issuing such a paper, in the best style, is a guarantee that the above is a very beautiful and valuable pictorial sheet, such an one as will find a ready sale everywhere. The subjects illustrated are mainly of a national character, Christmas and New Year themes, and a sprinkling of humorous designs, with a few portraits of eminent men, Boston and New York street scenes, one or two large battle-pieces, the North American Indians in council,—and in short, a variety of fine pictures, completely filling the folio sheet on four sides.

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FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Now is the time to form Clubs!!

SUBSCRIBE EARLY!!

We have made arrangements to produce in the coming year, the best volume of the *Flag of our Union* which we have yet published. It is now *twelve years* since we commenced this favorite journal, and at no time have we had so large a subscription list, or so heavy an edition as at this moment. This success is the result of no spasmodic effort, but arises from a steady, unflagging purpose to present to the public a truly valuable journal, beautifully printed upon the *finest material*, and in the best style. The new volume will commence with one of the choicest original nautical stories we have ever published, entitled:

THE SCARLET FLAG:

—OR,—

THE CARIBBEAN ROVER.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

The most popular novelette writer in the country, and one whose stories have found more readers than those of any writer on this side of the Atlantic. The period of this story is that of the daring Buccaneers of the Caribbean Sea, whose marvellous doings and strange organization will be given with vivid truthfulness.

The coming volume of the *Flag of our Union* will present the best array of *original novelettes* which we have ever given in one year, all finely illustrated by original drawings. We have several new and popular contributors also engaged, and have a fund of spicy and highly entertaining sketches, tales, and adventures in store for the coming volume.

The present popular style of our paper will be continued, and we have some additional improvements which will be introduced for the benefit and pleasure of our army of readers.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *twelve* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *thirteenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, taken together, $4 per annum.

To any person who sends us a club of *fifty* subscribers, with the money, we will present a complete set of *Ballou's Pictorial*, in *twelve* bound volumes, full gilt, with illumined covers, title pages, and indexes, uniformly and elegantly bound, the wholesale price of which is $24. Here is a chance for any person to obtain a superbly illustrated library containing over *ten thousand* brilliant engravings, without money!

M. M. BALLOU,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

EARLY PRINTING.

In the infancy of the art its results were comparatively very rude. The type used was intended to imitate writing, and partook of the character of gothic and script. In punctuating, they employed no marks at first other than the period and colon; an oblique stroke was afterwards introduced, and fulfilled the purpose of our comma. Pages had neither running title nor number. The divisions of words and sentences were very imperfect, and the language was not divided into paragraphs. Capital letters were not used to commence a sentence, nor in proper names. No rules seem to have regulated their orthography, which was entirely without method, and their abbreviations were so numerous as to cause the necessity, in time, of publishing a book, by the directions in which they could be read But one kind of letter was used throughout. A space was left at the beginning of chapters for the illuminator, who wrote in various colored ink the initial letter. These were often elaborately ornamented, and very costly, being embellished with flowers and figures, and sometimes variegated with gold and silver. The first presses were fashioned after the common wine press. For a short time the paper was printed on but one side, the blank leaves being pasted together. The only forms of books were the folio and quarto. Two or three hundred copies were then considered a large edition. Dates were often omitted, and the name of the printer, when given, was placed at the end of the book.

LOCOMOTIVE LAYING ITS OWN TRACK.—At Moscow, lately, great curiosity was excited by an experiment made with a new description of locomotive, running along the streets, and so constructed as to cause the wheels to lay down a sort of wooden rails as they advanced. The locomotive dragged after it a number of cars, heavily laden. The experiment, though the first made, had perfectly succeeded. The author of the invention is a trader of Moscow, named Prokhoroff.

A QUEER CLAIM.—Among the claimants of the St. Helena medal, which Napoleon III. instituted for the surviving soldiers of the first empire, is a *British soldier*. He bases his claim on the fact that for five years he kept guard over the imprisoned emperor at St. Helena.

TO THOSE WHO KNOW FRENCH.—To French scholars we invite attention to the following neat but untranslatable advertising pun—the door of a cabaret in Paris is ornamented with this inscription in gilt letters: 0.20.100.0. (*Au vin sans eau.*)

THE TEACHINGS OF SORROW.—Sorrow is God's school. Even God's own Son was not made perfect without it; though a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things that he suffered.

SIMPLE VIRTUES.—The simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty are the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds.

THEN AND NOW.—The Territory of the United States in the year 1785 was about 800,000 square miles, and now it covers an area of little less than 3,000,000.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

One of the new streets in Nottingham, Eng., has been named Havelock Street.

Modesty is both the presage and ornament of rising merit. Doubt youthful genius, if arrogant.

The cheapest excursion anybody can make is an excursion into the realms of fancy.

Money is a despotic queen, and binds her slaves with fetters, though they be golden.

Since the Indian mutiny, 58,416 native troops have revolted, and 24,710 been disbanded.

Many have suffered from speaking, but few by silence, as every politician knows full well.

The Second West India Regiment, all blacks, has been ordered to India by the British.

The deadliest plague you can take into your heart is the gain that has been won by fraud.

William Penn has a relative—a "bad *pen* often *cut* by his relations, but never mended."

Much is wanting, where much is desired; and much is expected, where much is given.

The barn-yard rooster keeps his feathers sleek because he always carries his *comb* with him.

Never sound the trumpet of your own fame—he who does so, wastes all his breath in blowing.

A weekly newspaper in Arabic, conducted by native editors, is the latest novelty at Beirut.

Modesty is not only the most graceful ornament of virtue, but its safeguard and protector.

The British government are talking about the establishment of three new episcopal sees in India.

Those inclined to go astray should remember that misery is the certain result of ill-doing.

Money is the faithful servant of some men, but the imperious master of others.

No tree takes so deep a root as prejudice, none is so difficult to eradicate and kill.

Mean men admire wealth and envy its possessors—great men, only true glory.

Mankind are very apt to talk like philosophers, but to belie themselves by acting like fools.

A parlor coal fire, in twelve hours, renders 42,000 gallons of air unfit to support life.

Money is somewhat like manure—it does the most good when liberally spread broadcast.

Men are like watches, says Sam Slick, and should be valued according to their correct going.

The real name of the butcher of Cawnpore is Nana Sahib—not Nena, the learned say.

Many who devote their whole lives to the worship of wealth, earn nothing but repentance.

A HIT AT LONDON.

"O multitudinous London!" thus apostrophizes a recent writer; "thou that consumest thy citizens with all uncleanliness; thou that usurpest the comforts and destroyest the constitutions of the people who dwell within thy bills of mortality; thou that hidest thy beauty in thick smoke, and thy grandeur in densest fog; thou that givest thy citizen to drink of all abominations, and commendest thy adulterations to his house of life; thou that smitest thy children with scrofula, and shootest out the sharp arrows of death upon the dwellers in thy streets; thou that takest into thy brick-and mortar arms—even to the stony bosom of thy *trottoirs*—the hunted of kings and peoples; thou that surrenderest Soho to the stranger, and gnawest him therein with the canker of Sabbathaic gloom and eternal *ennui!* O London! London! thou that killest thy innocents in their infancy, and stranglest the sweet graces of childhood ere it can bloom; thou that nippest the budding beauty of the maiden, that causest thy women to hanker after cosmetics, and thy young men to imagine vain compensations for manly proportions; thou that deprivest thy adults of their full threescore years and ten; thou that respectest not the reverence of old age, but strikest the gray and honorable heads of thy homes with premature paralysis, debility and decay!"

ADULT PUPILS.—The Andover Advertiser states that quite a number of men out of employment in Lawrence, have been admitted to the public schools of that city, and it is understood that the school committee encourage the attendance of this class of persons, with an assurance that the requisite number of teachers shall be furnished. Evening schools are about to be established for those whose avocations will not permit them to receive day instruction.

ZEAL FOR TRUTH.—"Does a dog bark when his master is attacked," says Calvin, "and shall I keep silent when God's truth is assailed?" The question is a good one, but not for those who, through sectarianism without charity, can do nothing but "bark." That is an extreme to which, in the case of men, the example of the dog does not justly reach; though even Calvin sometimes forgot this—especially when the "Anabaptists" were in his eye.

THE MAN FOR THE MORMONS.—The Providence Journal thinks if Gen. William Walker were sent to chastise the Mormons, a great public benefit would accrue. Then, every well-aimed bullet, on either side, would do a service to the country.

HARMONY RESTORED.—Meyerbeer has made a visit to Rossini. The two illustrious rivals, who were recently sworn enemies, met each other with mutual civility and politeness. If either is *sharp* to the other after this, he will B A *flat.*

PLENTY OF PORK.—A letter from Shelbyville, Tenn., says there will be fatted for market from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand hogs, within an area of fifty miles each way from that point.

HOT BREAD.—Don't eat hot bread—we beg you wont. Do you wish to know the reason why? Because it never digests. Now go and cut a slice off that stale loaf.

CONVERSATION.—The business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour, more than a day's fasting would do.

WAR USELESS.—The race that shortens its weapons, lengthens its boundaries.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The French Artist: or, Life Scenes in the gay Capital," a tale of the stirring times of the old French Revolution, by OLIVER BOUNDERBY.

"To Annie M.," lines by RICHARD S. ELLIS.

"The Governess," a tale by LIZZIE LEIGH.

"The White Swan's dying Song," lines by LIZZIE MORSE.

"Paul Poppleton's Dream," a tale of a tea-tippler, by JOHN ROSS DIX.

"Requiem," by JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"Gossip with the Reader."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A picturesque view of a scene on Washington Street, Boston.

Views in the Cosmopolitan Art Union Gallery, New York.

Sketch of the Court House in Fonda, New York.

View of Butler's Falls, East Canada Creek, New York.

Picture of Anthony's Nose, Mohawk River, New York.

Representation of the Ancient Church, Palatine, New York.

View of the method of inflicting the punishment of the Knout, in Russia.

Picture of Moldavians and Wallachians at the National Fairs.

A large whole page representation of the Court of the Palace of the Great Mogul at Delhi, in India.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy.

☞ One copy of the FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

Submarine telegraphic communication between Sardinia and Austria has been established.

In the Chelsea Water-works London, 3,000,000 of gallons of Thames water are purified every day.

The telegraph lines of Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg, Baden, Mecklenburg and the Netherlands are to be united.

M Emile de Girardin has returned to Paris with his first comedy. It is entitled "La Fille d'un Millionaire."

Cholera has begun to decline in Sweden. It is stated to have carried off 5000 persons since its invasion.

There is in Sweden a Ladies' Bible Society which presents a copy of the Bible to every newly-married couple.

The Journal de Constantinople announces that the Turkish government have decided upon constructing a line of telegraph to Bassoran on the Persian Gulf.

Odessa (Russia) firms have offered to sell to the Austrian iron founders, at low prices, the English and French cannon balls which were collected at Sebastopol.

In Persia, considerable damage has been caused by shocks of earthquake, particularly in the Adherbidjan. The small town of Teseng has been almost entirely destroyed. In Georgia, the Kour (the ancient Cyrus) left its bed, and inundated the country and several towns on its banks.

The sum total of racing prizes for the past year, in England, has been calculated in *Bell's Life* at one million and forty-seven thousand dollars. Doncaster races figure highest, reaching $78,250; Goodwood, $77,575; Epsom, $62,000; the six Newmarket meetings, $200,000. The receipts at the Grand Stand at the Doncaster races amounted to $18,941.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

The present is a bright speck between the darkness of the future and the twilight of the past.

Keep your temper in disputes. The cool hammer fashions the red-hot iron to any shape needed.

A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner when you come to dine with him.

No human art or ingenuity, can produce anything equal in beauty and perfection to the eye.

Passion has its foundation in nature; virtue is acquired by the improvement of our reason.

The domestic hearth is the proper place for old age—white heads seems out of place in the marts of traffic.

One of the most difficult things a man has to learn, is when to retire gracefully from the stage of life.

By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandize of heaven.

If men would take as much care of their characters as they do of their clothes, they would show fewer stains, nor would there, probably, be so many holes picked in them.

All reports as to character deal largely in exaggeration. "I never knew," says a wise man, "any one either as good or as bad as he was represented."

When one advised Lycurgus, the famous lawgiver, to establish a popular government at Lacedæmon, "Go," said he, "and first make trial of it in thine own family."

It is fearful to think of the amount of concealed sin or crime or deceit which, hidden, though active, all around us, like ghosts glide in and glide out, to worry, harass and perplex poor humanity.

Joker's Budget.

When are wet clothes like a bell? Ans.—When they are getting rung (wrung.)

Why is the letter T a friend to the hatter? Ans.—Because it makes a rim trim.

"Good morning, Jones. How does the world use you?" "It uses me up, thank you."

Can a new watch with a second hand be called a second-hand watch?

When a farmer is reaping, and hears the dinner bell ring, what disease is he generally seized with? The *dropsical* complaint, (*drop sickle.*)

Rousseau was one day showing his Ode to Posterity to Voltaire. "Do you know," said the sage, "I am afraid your 'Ode' will never be forwarded to its address?"

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed old Mrs. Beeswax, "what will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as treasonably tell me that the man had six heads in his hat."

A bankrupt, on being condoled with for his embarrassment, replied, "O, I am not at all embarrassed—it is my creditors that are embarrassed."

An impertinent fellow wants to know if you ever sat down to tea where skimmed milk was on the table, without being asked, "do you take cream?"

Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? Because it is always in fun. Yes, but why is it the most unfortunate in the alphabet? Because it is always in trouble and difficulty.

An exchange paper tells of a parson who prefaced his sermon with, "Let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

An Irishman, who lives with a vegetarian, writes to a friend, that, if he wants to know what illigant living is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what was left at the breakfast.

Quill and Scissors.

There is at last a prospect of a line of mail steamers being put on between Panama and Australia. The West India Mail Company, and the Australian Mail Company, having amalgamated, a bi-monthly line will be established as soon as the government sanctions it, and a small subsidy can be obtained. The packets will then run alternately by Panama and Suez.

Brigham Young, who defies the government and threatens the armies of the United States, is a native of Whitehaven, Vermont, and is fifty-six years of age. His father was a farmer, originally from a town in the vicinity of Boston, and young Brigham is said never to have been at school but thirteen days.

Alfred Young, a negro, who was convicted of the murder of his wife some time ago, escaped from the jail at Sandwich, Ill., by digging under the wall. He left a note threatening the murder of the sheriff, and the witnesses against him, at some future time.

Daniel Mahar of Troy beat his wife the other night, so that the officers who arrested him could hardly distinguish a feature of her face. He was drunk, and his complaint against his wife was, that she pawned flour to obtain liquor.

Jewett Rogers of Byfield caught a species of wild cat in a rabbit snare, a few days since, upon the land of Col. Daniel Adams. He weighed 15 pounds, and was gray, ringed with black, from the head to the tip of the tail.

Peter Cannon of Meriden, Ct., was instantly killed by an engine, a short time since. He was walking by the railroad track, and being deaf did not hear the approaching engine, but was struck by it with great violence.

A Louisiana paper gives an account of a fight on a steamboat between a lady and gentleman, over a backgammon board. The cause of this novel affray is not stated. Probably the gentleman *trey-deuced* his fair partner.

The French government has presented a small vessel (the schooner L'Hirondelle) to the Liberian republic, and the British government has consented to repair at its own cost the Liberian schooner Lark.

The Hartford Times says artificial fish breeding has been carried into successful operation at Saltonstall Lake, Conn. Excellent fishing is anticipated there in two or three years.

A little daughter of Mr. Samuel Whitney, of New Canaan, Conn, ten years old, fell from a stone wall, and a large stone rolling off, struck on the back of the head, killing her instantly.

The Burlington (Vt.) Sentinel says that the amount of butter produced the present season in the dairy counties of that State, exceeds that of any previous year by about one-third.

In Callicoon, New York, two boys had a dispute, which Henry Stype, the oldest, brought to a crisis by shooting the other, who died on the same day from his wound.

Moses R. Cummings, who embezzled six thousand dollars of the Upper Bank of Canada, has been sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for five years.

Sergeant Lefferts of the New York Police Detectives, has caused to be taken the daguerreotype of every noted rogue who falls into his hands.

Caleb Cushing was a member of the House 32 years ago, and in legislative years is therefore the oldest member of that body, and will call it to order.

An official report states that there are at present fifty-two Sabbath schools in Chicago, with five hundred teachers and six thousand scholars.

The fire engine and apparatus belonging to Waldoboro', Me., was recently taken on execution and sold to a private company.

Omelia City, Kanzas, has been designated by the Secretary of the Treasury as a point for a new depository of public funds.

There are now in the alms-houses in New York city, 7249 persons—1481 more than at the same season last year.

The highest habitation in Europe is on the summit of the Aiguille de Goute 13,000 feet above the level of the sea

A superbly equipped carriage, costing $2000, has been completed at Philadelphia for Postmaster General A. V. Brown.

One of the large manufacturing establishments in New Haven is about to increase its business one-third.

George Jamison and Mrs. Annie Senter are about to make a professional tour to England.

Active preparations are making to lay the Atlantic Telegraph cable next June.

Mobile has been remarkably healthy the last season.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Rodden, Mr. Patrick J. Hyde to Miss Catherine B. Roche.

By Rev. Mr. Barnard, Mr. George E. Rupert to Miss Sarah R. Fessenden.

By Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Daniel R. Osgood to Miss Lydia Barton.

By Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Amos J. Osgood to Miss Emily F. Walker.

By Rev. Mr. Chapin, Mr. John Marguam to Miss Susan Stewart.

By Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. Charles S. Smith to Miss Frances W. Wilmarth.

At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. J. P. Whitcomb to Miss Charlotte A. Dexter.

At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Henry A. Choate, of Boston, to Miss Frances E. Linscott.

At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Albert M. Davis to Miss Martha B. Marsh.

At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Henry F. Munroe to Miss Martha Townsend.

At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. Josiah L. Thomas to Miss Clarinda Sherman.

At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. Robert Stevenson to Mrs Ruth Dodge.

At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. Charles Elliott to Miss Sarah P. Cressy.

At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Patch, Mr. Mason H. Swett to Miss Sarah A. Bowden.

At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Parmenter, Mr. Solomon Purchell to Miss Mary Jane Raymond.

At Lowell, by Rev. Dr. Edson, Mr. Solon C. Parker to Mrs. Mary Ann Hutchins.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. James A. B. Higgins, 22; Mrs. Emily Gallagher; Mr. Daniel F. Hunting, 57; Mr. Joseph J. Clark, 29; Miss Olive Pope; Mr. Joseph Shaw, 81; Mrs. Esther Worthley, 74; Miss Honora M. Buckley, 31.

At Roxbury, Mr. Dwight M. Snow.

At Chelsea, Mrs. Hannah S. Sherman, 25.

At Dorchester, Mrs. Sarah Stetson, 67; Mr. Joseph Frost, 74.

At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Phebe Haseltine, 70.

At East Cambridge, Mrs Emma White, 22.

At Somerville, Mr. Alexander T. Armstrong, of Boston.

At Malden, Mr. Charles Leavitt Corbett, 42.

At Lynn, Mrs Harriet O. B. Badger; Mr. Samuel Foster, 35; Miss Sarah Ann Bray, 22.

At Salem, Mrs. Ellen Curick, 27; Mrs. Jane Reed, 60; Mrs. Sarah Marston, 80.

At South Danvers, Mrs. Sarah R. Safford, 63.

At Danvers, Miss A. Augusta Goldthwait, 25.

At Beverly, Capt. Michael Larcom, 78.

At Marblehead, Mr. Thomas Cruff, 67; Mr. Jeremiah Dronadrick, 25.

At Worcester, Mrs Mary Holsworth, 34.

At New Bedford, Mr. Elkanah Gifford, 41; Mr. Alexander Gibbs, 58.

At Dartmouth, Mrs. Mary Rider, 78.

At New Braintree, Widow Mary Bartlett, 77; Mrs. Mary Felton, 64.

At Barre, Mrs. Miriam Allen, 88; Mr. Daniel Bacon, 70.

At Sterling, Miss Lydia Loring, 71.

At Northfield, John Jay Allen, Esq., 57.

At Yarmouthport, Mr. Thomas Nickerson, 76.

At Ashby, Amos Wellington, Esq., 87.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

EVELEEN'S DEATH.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

The sullen tide came up on the sand,
Creeping along for its prey:
Greedily stretching its watery hand
Higher and higher across the gray strand,
To the spot where my Eveleen lay.

Sweet little Eveleen, tired of play,
Wearied with gathering shells,
And scattered her flowers on the wind away,
And slept on the beach that sunshiny day,
Bound by the Nereids' spells.

Not the ripples hoarse of the ravenous tide,
Nor the scream of the wild sea-mew,
As it saw her danger and shrilly cried,
And spoke its alarum close by her side,
Could open those eyes of blue.

The sephyr that tossed her golden hair,
As it hastened over the wave,
Tarried and whispered, "Beware, beware!
Wake, Eveleen! wake!" and then in despair
Abandoned its efforts to save.

I had missed her long from the cottage door,
And my bosom grew chill with fear;
So I hurried down towards the sandy shore,
And scanned the beach from the beacon-tower,
Till I saw why the tide drew near.

"O, Eveleen, wake!" I wildly cried,
"There's peril down by the sea!"
Loud echoes came from the cliff's scarped side,
And flew o'er the waters far and wide,
But Eveleen heard not me.

The flood came in, and the ebb went out,
With a billowy surge of delight,
And the ruffian waves in a rabble rout
Seized my Eveleen and tossed her about,
Then hurried her from my sight.

I caught the gleam of her sun-bright hair,
As it flashed through the seething brine,
The toss of her snowy arms so fair,
And the sea had the gain of a treasure rare,
But, alas, 'twas the loss of mine.

Wearily watching now by the main,
Even I cry, "Restore!
"Give back to my arms the child again!
Let her not in your lonely caverns remain!"
And Neptune answers—"No more!"

But I wander still on the pebbly beach,
Always upbraiding the sea;
Eyeing the desolate, watery reach,
And asking the waves with tremulous speech
For the treasure they stole from me.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FIRST CZAR.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

The Sclavonic tribes were, in the early ages of civilization, numerous, and as their name implied, full of glory. Inhabiting the vast plains of northern Europe and Asia, it was not seldom that they drove down, like hail-storms, over southern countries, ravaging, destroying, and returning triumphantly laden with spoils to their own homes. Divided into many branches, the largest, and at the same time the least noble and warlike, confined their stations within the great boundaries of what is now termed Russia. At this time the Norsemen, who in comparison with the Slavi, were civilized and gentle, were dispersing themselves almost imperceptibly in search of Asgard, the ancient city of Heaven, and thus by frequent expeditions across Russia to the Caucasus, became acquainted with and greatly revered by the barbarous tribes, while from their wanderings gaining the appellation of Varingians. During several years previous to the opening of our sketch, a company of gigantic warriors, not numerous beside the myriads of other bodies, but universally respected and feared, had been traversing Europe, now and then with expeditions to Angleland, wild, frolicking sails to Iceland and the North, or skimming in their elastic skiffs the foamy sea between the peninsulas and sharp, rocky islands of Denmark, of which latter realm Harald was king. In this company the youngest, bravest and noblest was Ruric, whose exploits were chanted in Runic rhymes by the prophetesses of the main tribe, and his name was already a terror to the Frank and Saxon. Over his brass corselet, graven with many a dint, flowed the long locks of his golden hair, his eyes, which could be mild as a woman's, more frequently glistened like blue flame, and instead of a helmet he wore round his head only a narrow band of gold set with an immense ruby, like a star, above the forehead, at once an indication of his exceeding bravery and of his princedom, for young as he was, in his veins alone of all the warriors was said to flow the mythical blood of Odin, from whom he was lineally descended. Reverenced and idolized by all his followers, one in particular, old Troll, a staunch heart of war, guarded him, sleeping and waking, with a jealous care, bestowing upon him in double measure all the love and honor he had given in earlier life to his father.

It may be supposed that the presence of this redoubtable force in Denmark gave King Harald some uneasiness, and, though nothing was further from the Norseman's thoughts, that he constantly feared lest he should be deprived of his kingdom, and of course viewed them, while frequently making their abode in one of his woody promontories, with no favorable eye, and used a thousand stratagems to rid himself of them; but they, on the contrary, evinced no determination to leave till such time as should be convenient to themselves, and secure in their woody fastness, from whence, in case of trouble, they could easily take to their ships lying on the northern edge, or march boldly and conquering through the opposing land, they still made Denmark their head quarters.

Harald and his court had been hunting in another forest, somewhat distant, and having started a beast from its lair, were pursuing him at full speed up the long avenues of the forest, now separating through the devious paths, and now meeting in dark green glades and starting wildly off again with inspiring peals of the hunting horn. The king by courtesy had led the train, while many of the ladies, most fearless riders, were close behind, and his daughter Gerberta rode as became her nature, most generally at a tangent from the rest of the hunters, now in advance, and now beside him, and now with those lords and ladies in the rear. Thus it happened that the others had preceded her some distance, and she sat endeavoring to disengage her dress, which had been caught in some briers, while her restless steed pawed impatiently to follow the chase again. Most unlike the Danes in her beauty, for her mother (now long since dead) had been stolen in a foray from Italy, she inherited with their clear northern whiteness of skin the dusky, languishing eyes, fine, thin features, and dark, glossy curls of the South; while her form, slender, exquisite and erect, was like a reed beside the oaken growth of the North. Perhaps the little annoyance that parted the crimson lips and displayed the pearly teeth with impatience, did not at all diminish her beauty, and she was still continuing her task, when a musical voice beside her, often heard before, said—"Let me assist thee!"

"Ah, Prince Ruric, is't thou?" she answered, instantly relinquishing her occupation, which he did not immediately assume, perhaps in order to prolong the time. "I did not know," she resumed, "that thou hauntedst this forest, too. My father would give up the ghost this moment, if he dreamed it!"

"King Harald may keep his ghost. Indeed, princess, he greatly wrongs my race by fear and suspicion. We have no desire to harm him, even were not his beautiful daughter a safeguard through which no Norseman's sword would pierce!"

"So!" returned she, biting her lip with a look of disturbance. "Prince Ruric flatters! I, too, who have favored the Norse, shall begin to distrust them now!"

"What! are we not friends? Thou and I? Would any under my command then injure thee?"

Gerberta was silent a moment, and then said: "How finely thou assistest me! See! my dress is quite free from the thorns!"

At which broad hint, Ruric at once, with his gauntleted hand, tore the thorns away, released her, and ungloving his hand, laid it on her horse's mane, while he said:

"There now, thy highness, I think my words will have detained thee no longer than the thorns would, had I not come!"

"Truly!" she answered. And then, surveying him a moment with her shadowy eyes, she exclaimed: "Pardon, Prince Ruric! but thou art the least like a Goth of any I ever saw!"

"Pardon!" returned he, proudly. "But I am no Goth!"

"And what then?"

"The invincible North gave me birth, and though all Goths are Norsemen, all Norsemen are by no means Goths. I am a knight of Asgard and a Varingian!"

"Shall I tell thee, Knight of Asgard! what I last night heard the counsellor tell my father?"

"If thou wishest, and thine honor allows."

"Bah! I have no honor—and honor need not be concerned in the affair! He said it at table. Now dost thou know the only punishment I ever received was through this man's telling of my fault—"

"Thou art therefore going to avenge thyself?"

"Thou art precise. Very well, my prince. then I sha'n't tell thee that the great Slavi nations are deliberating on the choice of a ruler, and that report says—"

"Thou'rt not telling now?" he asked, laughing.

"Ah well! If Prince Ruric doth not care to hear— When *he* is ruler of all that enormous Russ territory, I will tell his ambassadors to Denmark that my father's counsellor foretold it!"

"Thou hast taken, begging forgiveness, a roundabout way to break confidence!"

"Indeed! I have yet to learn that what a tipsy counsellor says over his wine is confidence!"

"And is what a tipsy counsellor says over his wine to be relied on, then?"

"Good morning, prince!" she returned, after a moment's pause, and then a laugh. "Since the day I first saw thee, thou proud one, at my father's court, I have believed that thou standest on some hilltop of the world to see all events an hour before they happen! There is to be a banquet and masque at the palace a week yestreen, Prince Ruric!" And gathering up her reins, she dashed off, turning, however, to look at him where his magnificent and unbent stature towered in the sunlight, upon which, waving his hand, he disappeared in the shady intricacies of the wood.

What Gerberta had told him of the deliberations of the Slavi only confirmed what he already knew; but since their consultations might extend over several months, he judged it most becoming and prudent to remain silent and apart. Nevertheless, Troll, who was elated at the prospect and opportunity of power about to open before his lord, would have had him gone, as he said in that night's council, and put an end to their talk by taking forcibly the new sovereignty.

"And who knows," O Knight of Asgard!" said he, "but that somewhere in that vast unexplored region, the Heavenly City may stand illumining long wastes of territory by its splendor? Take it, prince!"

"Nay, Troll," was the answer. "Is it not a greater office to be prince over my handful of boldest warriors in the world, than to rule a race of cowards, though countless as the sands of the sea! Tell me, braves! could this sovereignty add a ray to the glory of him in whose veins runs Odin's blood?"

The shout of scorn on the Slavi, that answered him, sufficiently attested the coincidence of opinion.

"Then, my heroes, if this race call on us, we will go in to tell them what true wisdom and courage are, to make them like ourselves, and found an innumerable nation whose desires shall centre on the search for the Heavenly City. And if they do not want us, they do not deserve us, and we are happiest and most glorious as we are!"

He stood a little apart from the rest, and the soft moonlight that fell on him alone seemed to surround him with a halo and radiance that separated him from them and made him unapproachable till he should step from the magic circle, while in unspeakable reverence they bowed acquiescence. Perhaps this close judgment, calm power of self-denial, and keen eye for the glory of his race, constituted as much of his power over these grisly warriors as the Odin's blood that ran in his veins.

That same night, Gerberta leaned over her balcony, half lost in thought, and half with an ear to the maudlin old counsellor who wandered with Harald through the garden walks.

"Surely," she thought to herself, "we are equals. To be sure, no Odin's blood runs in my veins, but then for hundreds of years all my fathers were kings—and so forsooth were his! And yet he is so great, so noble, there is a superiority about him which half awes me and makes me feel small. I know he kindly scorns me—I am too little and not half brave enough! O I never, never could deserve his love—and I love him with all my heart! Besides, if I were queen of Rome, I don't believe he would wed any woman who was not of the Norse. I'll ask him!" Here she paused. "Unmaidenly?" she began again, as if answering the suggestion of her thoughts. "Very well. Who cares? I've been maidenly and commonplace long enough; we'll try a little of the other, just for change."

Here the voice of the counsellor arrested her attention.

"But then, your majesty," said he, "the ambassadors declare that the King of Hungary only awaits your invitation to the mainland."

"But I've heard my daughter a hundred times declare her contempt for Olaf, and it's of no use inviting the king here unless she accepts him, which thou knowest it will be impossible to force her to do."

"The King of Hungary?" muttered Gerberta. "I rather think it will!"

"Impossible!" quoth the counsellor. "The King of Hungary is very powerful and a strengthening alliance, and since the maiden has been let dismiss some dozen suitors ere now—"

"Her head is so full of these cursed Varingians!"

"It is time that thou didst assert thy parental authority and *make* her accept Olaf!"

"Humph!" said Gerberta. "We'll see!" And she lightly swung herself down from the balcony, which was not over three feet from the ground, and confronted the pair of wise heads.

"I doubt much—" Harald had begun.

"There is no necessity for doubting at all, my father," said Gerberta, as they started back, "As for taking *Olaf* for a husband, rest assured I never will!—and red-hot irons shall not stir me from my resolution. And as for thee, Sir Counsellor, let me say, once for all, attend to thine own affairs, or if some night thy evening draught don't put thee to such sleep that thou never wakest again, I'm not Gerberta and thou'rt not a meddling simpleton!" So saying, she darted away again.

It was some time before the two regained their equanimity, but the next day messengers were sent, with an escort, inviting the Hungarian monarch to the metropolis of Harald, where he shortly after arrived, to be greeted with wondering eyes and utter disdain by the lady of his choice, which the crafty old counsellor assured him was the proper Danish way of receiving the first advances of courtship.

Meanwhile the great gathering of the tribes of the Slavi had not yet broken up, but encamped on one of the enormous steppes, continued the business of their assembly, and calmly drew on to the inevitable conclusion that there was no one among themselves capable of taking the exclusive rule of so great a kingdom. In the remarkable history of these wild tribes, this is, perhaps, taken in all its bearings, the most remarkable event; and we are not able to look back on their barbarism, in other respects, without a sentiment of earnest admiration at the decision so full of perfect self-knowledge, combined with rare self-denial and destruction of narrow, personal ambition, that, trusting to his magnanimity as they knew of his genius, called in a stranger to absolute control over themselves. Their resolves having finally settled on Ruric, they had arrived at the point of sending a courier to him, determined that if he was willing to trust himself, with only one other attendant, in their hands, they would not hesitate to swear allegiance to him. But all this had not transpired without many of the European sovereigns offering their services for the important post, and one after another having been laughed at and taunted by the bold Slavi. Harald, who always did everything a little too late, met with no better fate through his messenger dismissed in scorn, and Olaf of Hungary, who, thinking that a king in person might meet with more success, had entered the realm himself, was turned back in the direction whence he came, being assured with mock politeness that the sovereign whom the Slavi should chose must be as big at least as the smallest of them, which was rather reflecting on Olaf's extremely insignificant size. But Olaf's excursion had been the means of his learning on whom their choice was to fall, and with what conditions; and angry at his failure, he designed, if possible, to break up the whole affair, which he began to do by informing Harald of it. Immediately selecting two Danish servants, the king, on Olaf's arrival at Hurndurn, summoned them to receive his instructions, and bade them, when Ruric departed with the courier and the *one* attendant allowed him, to follow at no great distance, and then to join him in the great assembly, proclaiming themselves Varingians who dared not trust their prince alone with such savages.

"That will finish it!" said Olaf. "For these Slavi would die for one word misinterpreted, ere they'd allow themselves to be disobeyed. Of course Ruric will deny it, and then do you reproach him for ingratitude and adduce fictitious circumstances to prove your acquaintance."

"And if that fail?" asked one.

"Why, then," said Olaf, "threaten to raise every nation of Europe to war against him!"

"Nay," said Harald, who was not quite a fool, "in that case they will make common cause with Ruric and defy the whole world!—and they are strong enough to do it. Hearken! Kill him, if thou canst! I've hated him long, and now shall we see his empire large enough to swallow ours and not know it?"

It was the night of the grand banquet and masque, and Gerberta, who had offered the obtuse Olaf every manner of indignity, passed him now in her attire of black lace and diamonds, with her mask and mantle, like a diminutive tragedy queen, without in the least arousing his suspicion of her identity. The suite of rooms were brilliantly lighted and decorated, and the King Harald in his crown, and Olaf, not to be behind, in his, mingled familiarly among the revellers The ladies of the princess made the scene gay with rainbow hues, with jest and laughter, and pleasant music floating over the scene, softened all the tumultuous sounds. The princess stood rather apart, in an alcove, overlooking the others, and as if expectant of some one, after having wandered up and down, now like a shadow and now like a sparkle, when some one, whom she suddenly perceived beside her, slipped her arm through his and remained still silent and looking at the dancers. At last, not at all embarrassed by the silence but tired of saying nothing, she turned and lifted her mask a little on one side.

"Well," said she, "Prince Ruric probably despises this frivolous gayety!"

Her companion in turn lifted his mask, with the Danish cap and plume he wore, and replied:

"On the contrary, I have joined many as frivolous in forest dells, by moon and starlight, or with some mountain tree blazing a grand illumination from trunk to spire."

"Ah? And report says thou'rt about to take one of the dancers and so dance through life with her?"

"Report is generous. But which one, pray? I have danced with many in every court we know of."

"Tell me, prince—I have summoned great courage to my aid this moment—canst thou marry out of thine own race?"

The prince, from behind the shield which his mask afforded as he held it before his face, looked down in wonder.

"O thou art dismayed!" she continued. "Pardon—ten thousand pardons! But answer!"

"She who becomes my wife," said he, in a deep, low tone, "becomes also of my race."

The words thrilled through her. "Thou hast answered me," she said; and then relapsed into silence.

There was a singular contrast between the two forms, as they stood together—she so slender and matchless in her symmetry, he so massive and noble in height and structure. Her arm still resting on his, he drew her gently from the alcove, down the broad marble steps and into the dusky garden alleys, where the noise of the gayety came only in faint gusts of music.

"It is pleasanter here," said he. "One born and nursed in the free air can ill brook the crowded halls. Thou seest," he added, smiling, "how much of the barbarian clings to me."

"I see," she thought, "what a paradise thou canst make of a rude cavern in a hillside even!" But she said nothing.

"Thou art silent," he resumed, "and melancholy too, methinks."

"Thou knowest," was her reply, seeing he awaited it, "that Olaf of Hungary is here; that he leaves in twice seven days, and thinks to take me with him. Thou mayest well know, since, though weak and silly as I am, thou hast long condescended from thy beautiful loftiness of thought and freedom to be my friend, that I hate Olaf—that I had rather die, and yet cannot see how I may avoid him! I may well be melancholy." She felt a quick shiver pass through his arm while she spoke.

"Thou mayest well be melancholy," he echoed. "I am thy friend? Dost thou allow me that bliss? If I lack courtly phrase, believe well that my heart is in my words. Could I tear thy dark eyes and winning ways from my memory, I were wretched and lonely enough! Give not thy consent to this villanous Olaf!" He shut and set his teeth at the name. "Parry him for two weeks, and I will save thee! Canst thou trust?"

A strange, happy joy of hope, that she had never felt before, danced through her heart as she answered: "Thou shalt see how entirely."

"Some proof, Gerberta!" he added, bending over her.

She took a ring from her finger.

"It will go over no finger of mine!" he said, gaily. "Nevertheless I keep it, and when it comes back to thee, know I am near thee, and though thou be at the altar with Olaf, Ruric will save thee! Nor will he receive the ring again unless the giver go with the gift. Thinkest I shall wear the ring?"

He looked fixedly at her, till raising her eyes, she said: "Thou wilt receive the ring again."

The happy, contented smile that lit her brow, proclaimed the firmness of her belief in him.

"A singular thing, that a king's daughter should need protection of any!" he continued, as if to himself. "Will right and truth never rule the world?"

"But what takes thee off so long?" she said. "Art thou"—

"Ay, I go, and alone with Troll. Thinkest that Harald will grant to the knaes of the Slavi, to the emperor, to the czar, to all the titles in creation, what he would laugh at the nobler prince of the Varingians for asking?"

"He will never grant thee anything!"

"Idle, then, were it in me to wait the banquet, and in an hour I am on my way. Notwithstanding, I fear treachery from these two kings—and if I adopt violent measures, and thou hearest of them, do not start, Gerberta."

A moment's silence, he folded her in his arms with a fervent pressure, one long kiss, he was gone, and she stood alone in the shadow. It seemed as if a happiness too deep for expression were opening before her, and in her trust she forgot the dangerous nearness of Olaf. With a different mien from the earlier part of the evening, she joined a group and entered the palace.

Mounting a swift charger, tied not far off, Ruric plied his spurs and galloped off in haste, shrouded soon by night and distance. After a few miles he overtook Troll, who lingered on the way, and as Ruric approached, drew from his mantle a bloody head, with staring, wide eyes and clotted hair. Ruric reined up in astonishment, since he knew of none with whom just now they were on hostile terms. But Troll, shaking it, whispered:

"Two of them, my prince, were sent to follow and spoil our journey by false swearing! Ha, ha, ha! Methinks I've shortened the way for one of them! I knew it from the first, but thought better to put an end to a cursed Dane, and so let them start!"

"But Troll—"

"Interrupt not! Hardly had I stepped into the skiff, when I saw them following close at hand. By Freya! My short sword did the work for him. And I've been bothering my head scrawling a billet to deck *his* head with. As for the other, he escaped. Therefore, dear prince, go alone, and defy Harald's plans!"

"And thou?"

"I go back to hurl this bloody missive on Olaf's plate!"

So saying, Troll galloped on the backward path, and Ruric went forward alone to his new kingdom.

The banquet was at its height, back in the palace of Harald; the wine was flowing freely, cheeks were crimsoned, eyes were sparkling; Gerberta had just ceased a song whose sweetness vibrated on the air, when another voice, harsh and strong, burst through the place.

"Prince Ruric's toast!" said the voice; and at the word, the gory head of one of the spies whirled through the air and rolled across the festive board to Olaf.

Dead silence and sharp consternation seized the guests.

"Balked!" cried the unpitying Harald.

"Dead!" whispered the frightened Olaf, while the others, hardly breathing, neither spoke nor moved.

Harald rose and strode round. A piece of parchment, on which some rude characters were scratched in blood, clung to the ghastly forehead.

"Runic," said Harald, inspecting them. "Who reads them? By my sword, that is one thing I cannot do. Some insolent message! Who of you read Runic? Hither, Gerberta! Thou didst dabble in this once, somewhat. Read it!"

With a trembling hand, she took it and read audibly:

"Troll, frosted with winters seventy-and-three,
Troll, hating the tyrant and serving the free,
Troll, the old warrior, with sharp brand slew me!
Troll, great Ruric's captain, if he can will slay thee!"

"It seems, then," said Harald, when she had finished, "that we can do no more now. Let us wait. Time will curse him for us!"

And with all festivity and mirthfulness destroyed, the company separated, but not before the other messenger had bounded in among them, declaring the omnipotence of the Varingians, and his inability to proceed with that demon Troll hovering round. Thus it befell that Ruric reached the great Sclavonic council, unarmed and, except the courier, quite alone. Delighted with this mark of utter confidence, as one noon the tall, young stranger appeared, followed by their messenger leading his horse, they hailed him with vociferous applause and exclamations of admiration at the beauty of his countenance, the symmetry of his great stature with its lithe erectness, and the whole kingliness of his commanding air, and before sunset they had formally invested him with all the honors of their seignory.

"Thou wantest but one thing now!" said the oldest and most privileged. "There is no maiden fair nor fine enough among us for thee, my czar. Thou wantest a wife."

And Ruric's answer was the despatch of an embassy to request the Princess of Denmark's hand.

"Hear it, Olaf!" said Harald, when they made known their business. "The Slavi humbly ask for my daughter. Too good by half!"

The old counsellor, plucking him by the sleeve, whispered that now Ruric was an emperor, it was as good an alliance as that with Hungary, and far nearer neighbors."

"And what of that?" demanded Harald. "I like Olaf—I hate Ruric. The fellow was too full of his pride when a Varingian, and now that he is emperor and has the very place I wanted, shall I add an iota to his pleasure, or not take my revenge? Trust me—not I! Tell thy master," he added, turning to the ambassadors, "that when Hurndurn is an island, he shall wed Gerberta, and not before!"

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few miles he overtook Troll, who lingered on the way, and as Ruric approached, drew from his mantle a bloody head, with staring, wide eyes and clotted hair. Ruric reined up in astonishment, since he knew of none with whom just now they were on hostile terms. But Troll, shaking it, whispered:

"Two of them, my prince, were sent to follow and spoil our journey by false swearing! Ha, ha, ha! Methinks I've shortened the way for one of them! I knew it from the first, but thought better to put an end to a cursed Dane, and so let them start!"

"But Troll—"

"Interrupt not! Hardly had I stepped into the skiff, when I saw them following close at hand. By Freya! My short sword did the work for him. And I've been bothering my head scrawling a billet to deck *his* head with. As for the other, he escaped. Therefore, dear prince, go alone, and defy Harald's plans!"

"And thou?"

"I go back to hurl this bloody missive on Olaf's plate!"

So saying, Troll galloped on the backward path, and Ruric went forward alone to his new kingdom.

The banquet was at its height, back in the palace of Harald; the wine was flowing freely, cheeks were crimsoned, eyes were sparkling; Gerberta had just ceased a song whose sweetness vibrated on the air, when another voice, harsh and strong, burst through the place.

"Prince Ruric's toast!" said the voice; and at the word, the gory head of one of the spies whirled through the air and rolled across the festive board to Olaf.

Dead silence and sharp consternation seized the guests.

"Balked!" cried the unpitying Harald.

"Dead!" whispered the frightened Olaf, while the others, hardly breathing, neither spoke nor moved.

Harald rose and strode round. A piece of parchment, on which some rude characters were scratched in blood, clung to the ghastly forehead.

"Runic," said Harald, inspecting them. "Who reads them? By my sword, that is one thing I cannot do. Some insolent message! Who of you read Runic? Hither, Gerberta! Thou didst dabble in this once, somewhat. Read it!"

With a trembling hand, she took it and read audibly:

"Troll, frosted with winters seventy-and-three,
Troll, hating the tyrant and serving the free,
Troll, the old warrior, with sharp brand slew me!
Troll, great Ruric's captain, if he can will slay thee!"

"It seems, then," said Harald, when she had finished, "that we can do no more now. Let us wait. Time will curse him for us!"

And with all festivity and mirthfulness destroyed, the company separated, but not before the other messenger had bounded in among them, declaring the omnipotence of the Varingians, and his inability to proceed with that demon Troll hovering round. Thus it befell that Ruric reached the great Sclavonic council, unarmed and, except the courier, quite alone. Delighted with this mark of utter confidence, as one noon the tall, young stranger appeared, followed by their messenger leading his horse, they hailed him with vociferous applause and exclamations of admiration at the beauty of his countenance, the symmetry of his great stature with its lithe erectness, and the whole kingliness of his commanding air, and before sunset they had formally invested him with all the honors of their seignory.

"Thou wantest but one thing now!" said the oldest and most privileged. "There is no maiden fair nor fine enough among us for thee, my czar. Thou wantest a wife."

And Ruric's answer was the despatch of an embassy to request the Princess of Denmark's hand.

"Hear it, Olaf!" said Harald, when they made known their business. "The Slavi humbly ask for my daughter. Too good by half!"

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE VOYAGE OF YOUTH.

BY WILLIAM A. STURGIS.

Ah, yes! I wander now unloved, the wide world o'er;
Far back—how far, beyond the stormy sea,
Still shines the little speck of sunlit shore,
That's been in life the share of joy for me.

Hope then so gaily trimmed the bark of youth,
And filled its sails with breezes light and fair;
And pointed brightly on—as if in truth
To castles—that alas, were but of air.

Full buoyantly at first, beneath the golden sun,
In grace and beauty, tossing with the wave,
The noble bark ambitiously sped on,
And to the sea its glad embraces gave.

Soon, how soon, receded from the view,
Those purple-glowing hills, and valleys strewed with [flowers,
Where morning's richest light and evening's freshest dew
Unconsciously had blessed pure childhood's hours.

The sun has risen higher, and o'er the sky
A dreamy haziness is spreading far—
It hath a peaceful look to youth's unwitting eye,
But bodes a storm to more experienced mariner.

But look! his form is more erect, his cheek a-glow;
And, gazing toward the distant horizon,
He bids the gentle wind to fresher blow,
And speed his bark more quickly on.

Turn we our sight, and gaze with him afar—
What is there looming from the fair blue sea?
What is it there beneath the morning star,
That maketh him to yearn so earnestly?

It is the isle of love—its golden shore,
Sloping back in beauty from the kissing sea,
Until 'tis tangled with enchanting flower,
With fragrant-fruited vine and green-leaved tree.

He nears his haven—brilliant-tinted shells
Already sparkle on the snowy beach;
A music fills his ears of sweetly-tinkling bells,
And earthly bliss seems now within his reach.

How like the sunbeams of an April day,
Or flitting lights upon the dreary moor,
Are all the shining hopes that lure away
Youth's giddy footsteps to destruction's shore.

He seeth not the rocks, the shoals, and bars,
That lie beneath the beauty of the sea;
All is fair—earth, air and twinkling stars
Give yet no sign of what the day will be.

Quickly, O how quick, the beaming sky
Has changed from fairness to a tempest hue;
And heavy-laden clouds in columns lie,
Where erst heaven's face wore nought but peaceful blue.

His vessel glides as gracefully and gaily now
As while the sky was bright, and gently gave
A steady-blowing breeze, just tossing o'er the prow
Each undulating, silver-mounted wave.

I cannot farther say—a sense of pain
Since then has fallen on the restless heart;
Sometimes a flickering ray returns again,
And doubtful dreams of old to memory start.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"THEY used to say the old house was haunted, I believe, grandfather?" said Porter Weston, closing his Greek lexicon on the table, and coming closer to the fire blazing up the wide old-fashioned chimney-place. "Whew, how the wind rattles the shutters! It wouldn't be a great flight of imagination to fancy disembodied spirits abroad on such nights as this. No wonder they said the old place was haunted." And the lad brushed the brown curls from his white forehead, and got up a very comic assumption of terror, peeping meanwhile through his fingers at pretty Mary Ellery, busy with her worsted work at the table.

"The house was haunted, lad," quietly replied Uncle Nathan, as the neighbors all termed him, taking his pipe from his mouth a moment, and puffing upward the cloud of smoke that enveloped his face.

"*Was* haunted, uncle? You speak in a very positive tone," exclaimed Porter, looking earnestly toward the old gentleman, who now sat smoking with renewed energy, his silver head resting on the high back of his arm-chair. "Why, grandfather, I didn't suppose that you gave credence to such old superstitions." And the lad transferred his gaze to pretty Mary, and straightened his tall form as if to disavow his belief in such superstition, and assert his manliness to his fair cousin.

Old Nathan Ellery sat erect, and laid down his pipe on his knee.

"Porter, I do believe in the ghosts, for I saw one once, and can't a man trust his own eyes? Sit down, my boy; and Mary, child, put by that filagree work, and come here and sit down by my knee, while I tell you how I saw the ghost of the Ellery house. And mother, come, don't snap your knitting-needle at that rate, unless you mean to drown the story." And a roguish twinkle lurked in the old man's dim blue eyes as he glanced furtively toward the ancient, prim, yet slightly smiling partner of his fifty years' wedded life, who sat in the chimney nook opposite, and whom he always addressed as mother.

"Now Nathan—" began Aunt Sara; but a loud and prolonged "hem!" followed by a long clearing of his throat, preparatory to the story, effectually drowned the old lady's remonstrances, until she passively resumed her knitting.

"Here, granddaughter, sit here. Porter, push along that stool for your cousin, and now all's right; but what are you casting sheep's eyes at Mary for, you rogue? Be quiet there, sir, or no story of the haunted house to-night"

A few minutes more set all right again: with Mary Ellery's curly head on her old grandfather's knee, and Porter, the personification of repentance, in a high-backed chair opposite, and Aunt Sara plying the knitting-needles afresh, with a curious smile lurking in the corners of her handsome mouth. So Uncle Nathan began his story:

"It was on just such a night as this, upwards of fifty years ago, that—amidst the darkness and rain—Jerry Stetson and myself got home here at the old Ellery house. I say home, because I had never known any other. My mother I cannot remember; and my father died when I was a boy of four years, leaving me with a snug fortune, in charge of his cousin, Tom Ellery, as good a man and farmer as ever drew breath in New England. There was a great family of them: Tom, and Dick, and Harry, and Molly, and Martha. Tom, poor fellow, died in boyhood; Dick went to sea, and took the ship fever, and died in port, in sight of home a' most, poor Dick; and Harry, he was the genius and scholar of the family, and took to his books, and became a respected and wealthy doctor in Connecticut; and the girls married well off and moved away from the old homestead; but I tell you, Porter, there wasn't a happier or likelier family than the Ellerys, all together, found in old Vermont.

"I forgot to tell you, though, about little Sara, the youngest and handsomest of the flock, with curly rings of hair, and eyes as black as sloes; as full of fun and frolic as a wild colt, just such another witch as little Mary, here—eh, mother?" And Uncle Nathan gave a mysterious glance toward the old lady, knitting furiously in her corner.

"I am not 'little Mary,' if you please, grandpapa," pouted the beauty. "I am fourteen to-morrow, and a great deal taller than grandma'am."

"So she is, and she shall have a beau, and go to the next ball in town," said Uncle Nathan, stroking her curly head fondly, with a low, chuckling laugh, whereat Miss Mary drew away quite offended, though blushing confusedly.

"The story, the ghost!" exclaimed Porter, rather impatiently; and secretly vexed at his grandfather for thus treating as a child his beautiful cousin, who, in his own eyes, was quite a full-grown and consequential young lady, already swaying (and rather vaingloriously too) her sceptre of incipient belledom.

"O, yes, the ghost, Master Impatience, your most gracious pardon; we will proceed with our story!" And the merry old patriarch went on. "Well, as I said, it was just such a stormy night as this that Jerry Stetson and myself got home to the Ellery house. Jerry lived in the next town; but the rain and darkness, and moreover the sparkling eyes of Molly Ellery, were sufficient excuses to detain him over night, and so he gladly jumped from the wagon and gave his fast horse into old Robert's hands to be stabled.

"We had both ridden far that day, for I had come from Montpelier early in the first stage—for I was in business for myself there, taking for capital the balance of my property left after my educational expenses were deducted—and meeting by chance with Jerry Stetson in an adjoining town where he had also gone on business, was glad enough to exchange the lumbering old coach for his light buggy, and a talk, as we rode along, of home.

"I had been away for upwards of a year—the family were not expecting me until the annual Thanksgiving; but taking advantage of the dull season, and leaving business to my partner, I concluded to run down and give them a surprise. Besides, Dick was just fitting out for sea, and Harry about to leave for college, and I couldn't bear the idea of not seeing the boys before they started. And so, luckily, I fell in with Jerry Stetson; and in the evening, amidst the storm which had come up at nightfall, we drove up at the old place—for we called it the old place then, children, full fifty years ago, and it don't look much older this day.

"It was in this very room—" and Uncle Nathan glanced around the dark panelled walls—"in this very room that we all met; and such hearty shakings of the hands as the old folks and the boys gave us; and then such kisses from the girls! I always thought Molly made the mistake on purpose, in kissing Jerry, and pretending she thought it was I. And little Sara, the rogue, I hadn't seen her for two years; when I used to take her on my knee, and call her my little wife—for they must needs send the pet of the family off to a fashionable boarding school—little Sara, grown handsomer than ever, really pouted because I hugged her as I had been used to in the old days!"

Grandma'am Ellery, in her arm-chair, blushed quite like a young girl. Mary laughed a little, and looked teasingly and triumphantly toward Porter, whom she had that very day denied a like cousinly favor, while the lad hurled back a a very don't-care sort of glance, and pretended the deepest interest in his grandfather's recital.

"Well," went on Uncle Nathan, "we had a hearty supper, for which our ride among the mountains and the chilly storm gave us the keenest appetites; and then we all sat down around the fire and talked over old times, till the old folks grew sleepy and went to bed, leaving us young ones to our own gay, rattling conversation. Never before had I seen little Sara look so handsome, nor heard her rattle on so; and, certainly, I was head and shoulders in love before the evening was over, and wished I might call her my little wife in good earnest.

"Perhaps Dick thought as much, for happening to observe me slyly endeavoring to imprison the little white hand that lay so temptingly near me, while we sat in a circle around the fireplace, with the candles dying in their sockets, the hickory firelight leaping high every now and then, and the storm roaring at the windows—just such a storm as there is to-night, children—happening to spy me, he cried out roguishly:

"'I warn you, Nat, to beware of that little demure puss at your side. We call her the family flirt—Miss Quicksilver—always shifting and changing. She boasts of the hearts she splintered to atoms off at boarding school. Says she never means to get married till the ghost of the west chamber is laid—and I've no doubt of that at all, for I prophesy she'll die an old maid!'

"Spite of Dick's warning tone and glance," went on the old man, "I ventured and succeeded in securing the little dimpled hand that Sara could not wrest free, spite of her struggles; and then, turning to Dick, queried an explanation of his words, 'the ghost of the west chamber.'

"'O, I forgot; it's something that turned up since you left us,' he replied. 'You see,' he went on, in a low voice, glancing around in the dark corners, 'on nights of storm, such as this—and by the way, Nat, perhaps you never heard the story of old Hugh Ellery, a miserly old hulk, and more's the shame, the progenitor of the respectable family of modern Ellerys; how one night of storm he was very unceremoniously sent to his account by a poor, desperate laborer whom he had wronged of his wages—well, on such nights as this, it is said the heavy tramp of old Hugh's thick boots are heard on the stairs, and his ghost, "all in white," as novels say, goes through the old west chamber, counts his hoarded gold, and then lingers by the bed which stands where he slept the night of his murder.

"'You don't suppose I believe it, Nat,' he went on, 'but the girls here have actually frightened father and mother; and Molly declares she saw the ghost "plain as day," the other night, and wouldn't sleep in the west chamber for the world! As for Sara, here, she vows she isn't afraid of any ghost—don't believe in 'em—but only yesterday, when Molly affirmed that she really "did see it," Sara gave in; and vowed, moreover, that she never would be married until the troubled spirit was laid. Suppose that you should take upon yourself that task, Nat, and sleep in the old west chamber to-night?'

"'That is what I intend to do!' I answered coolly.

"'O, Nathan, you sha'n't—you mustn't—that is—' but Molly's look of fear and terror, as she turned pale and glanced from me to Jerry Stetson, betrayed her.

"I laughed in high glee. 'Don't be afraid, Molly,' I said, 'that I shall let the old fellow's ghost get hold of Jerry, for I'm going to take Dick along for a bed-fellow, and you can have a chance to linger here half the night and tell Jerry whether you've concluded to settle over at the Stetson farm, if you've a mind to. Come, Dick, I'm getting sleepy, and want to get a nap before the old fellow gets on his nocturnal spree. Suppose he don't get round before midnight, does he? By that time I'll get in prime order to collar him—"lay him" pretty effectually—and then we'll dance at your wedding, little Sara!' And with a stolen kiss, which, it must be confessed, my cousin did not resent very decidedly, we broke up the circle about the fireplace, leaving the two lovers, Molly and Jerry to themselves."

Uncle Nathan paused here; and Aunt Sara's knitting-needles clashed more furiously than ever, while that blush deepened over the old lady's still handsome, smiling face, and crept away into the silver gray hair smoothly banded over her forehead.

"Hey, mother, why don't you look up, and say something? The children here are all eyes and ears, but somehow you don't seem to care much about the ghost story," humorously ejaculated the old gentleman.

The children glanced toward their grandmother, noting the strange, confused look on her face; but they did not fathom the mystery yet.

"I suppose it is nothing new to grandma'am," said Mary. "Of course she has heard it many times before. I wonder you never told us about it, grandpapa."

The old man smiled, and the knitting-needles snapped afresh while the story proceeded.

"Well, Dick and I went to bed," went on the old gentleman, "and as I was pretty tired, and Dick was never troubled with wakefulness, it wasn't long before we both dropped off. I guess I had slept an hour or upwards—it was late when we went to bed, but I knew it must be past midnight—when suddenly I found myself wide awake, and sitting up in bed. This was unusual, for I scarcely ever wakened; but first I thought it was owing to the storm, though I found my mistake when I saw the clear starlight through the parted curtain; then I laid it to Dick's explosive nasal organs, for he lay snoring on his pillow, 'at the rate of ten knots an hour,' he said next day. I lay down, and endeavored to sleep again, but could not, and lay for some moments in silence. Suddenly came a sound on the staircase: a heavy tramp, tramp, as of iron boots coming directly up the stairs, along the gallery, and toward my door. I lay very still, and listened. The footsteps paused before my door, there was a momentary delay, but no sound, then the door softly opened, and, plain as I see your grandmother sitting yonder, children, a figure, clad in white, moved slowly across the floor, noiselessly as a spirit, and approached the bed."

"O, grandpapa, I guess you were frightened!" exclaimed Mary; while Porter resolutely straightened himself in his chair, looking valiant enough to fight all the ghosts in Christendom.

"Well, children, I must confess that I was rather unnerved, not frightened; only a little nervous, that's all!" replied the old man. "Hey, mother's actually laughing, as if she doubts me."

And Aunt Sara really paused, laid down her knitting, and broke forth into the mellowest of laughs, though neither Porter nor Mary saw anything so remarkably funny in their grandfather's recital. At length the old lady resumed her knitting, and the story was continued.

"Yes, I was a bit nervous, lying there with that tall figure in white bending over me, and Dick all that while snoring furiously at my side. All at once the ghost bent lower, and a hand, cold as ice, was laid on my face. That broke the spell. I sprang upright—but to waken Dick with a furious shaking, and to watch the figure glide out of the door with a rustling sound.

"'What the deuce is the matter, Nat?' inquired Dick. 'Can't a fellow sleep without your taking the top of his head off, nudging your elbows into him? What's to pay?'

"'It's come!' I whispered, 'the ghost! Old Ellery!'

"'Jerusalem! You don't say? Why didn't you speak to it?' he exclaimed.

"'How do you know but I did?' I answered, the fear of being laughed at getting the better of my terror, I mean nervousness. 'You'd never hear me, if I carried on a conversation with all the defunct Ellerys that ever lived, snoring away like a saw mill under full headway.'

"'Now, Nat Ellery, you don't mean to say that you've really seen the ghost?' asked Dick, now sitting up in bed, and shivering violently; whether in fear or laughter I never ascertained.

"But I suspected the latter, and immediately an idea flashed into my head: they had been playing some trick upon me—I would ascertain—and immediately I jumped from the bed.

"'Don't go, he will certainly meet you again!' urged Dick.

"But his apparent unwillingness was but a new reason why I should brave the discovery of his ghostship; besides, at that moment, feeling very sure that Dick was cramming the pillow into his mouth in convulsions of laughter, I noiselessly slipped on my clothes, and quick as thought flung wide the door. The ghost was there, tall, white, immovable as a statue! I might have cowered; but the sound of Dick's smothered laughter came from the bed.

"'Back, disturb not the dead! I am the spirit of Hugh Ellery!' said the spectre in a hollow voice.

"'And I am stout flesh and blood, Nat Ellery, bound to clear up the mystery of your ghostship!' I exclaimed boldly.

"Whereat the figure turned and glided swiftly through the long, dim gallery. Stumbling over something lying on the threshold, I gave chase—my speed increasing, as shout after shout of laughter came from Dick in the west chamber—never losing sight of the flying figure, or ghost. Round and round the old galleries—you know, children, the old upper hall, where you have all played many and many a time at Christmas and Thanksgiving—round and round, I chased the white figure, till I gained it; caught it in my arms, and drew it near the great hall window, where the starlight came in. Already I had some faint suspicions how the ghost would turn out, and was not much surprised when I pulled away from its face the great white sheet which enveloped the figure, and saw—"

"Who, grandpapa?" breathlessly asked Mary.

"Why, can't you see?" rather scornfully inquired Porter, glancing toward her.

And then Mary followed the direction of his eyes, which were withdrawn from her own, and rested on—Aunt Sara Ellery!

"Yes, I see it all now—and—but, dear me, who'd have thought of such a thing: you a ghost, grandma'am!"

"Sure enough, nobody. Not one of the family, but madcap Dick, who was in her confidence, ever doubted but it was old Hugh Ellery's ghost, instead of a wild, romping school girl, full of fun and frolic. Even Molly, clinging to Jerry Stetson, came forth, pale as a ghost, from the sitting-room, where they had been 'sitting up' till long past midnight.

"But I forgot to tell you," said Uncle Nathan, laughing heartily, "that those were Dick's thick boots I stumbled over on the threshold where the gipsey had slipped them off before entering the west chamber. And moreover," he added, "that as I had laid the ghost, I claimed the reward, and on Thanksgiving night was married to your grandmother there, Sara Ellery."

Housewife's Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Economy in Eating.

Hall's Journal of Health makes some timely remarks on economy in eating. It says: "When the best beef steak is selling at twenty cents a pound, the butchers are glad to sell the 'rein' piece at eight or ten cents a pound. It has no bone or fat. Three pounds of this for twenty-five cents will make soup enough for a family of eight or ten persons two days, besides the meat for one dinner; it is a hundred per cent cheaper than the purchase of a knee joint, at forty cents, for soup. Of all the parts of corned beef, that is the most nutritious and cheapest which is called the round, which has neither bone nor gristle, nor waste fat worth naming. Both in the purchase of meat and fish, persons are generally falsely economical in choosing an article with bone in it, at two or three, or more cents a pound less than a piece which has none.

Art of Tea-Making.

Use soft water, and be sure it boils. If you are compelled to use hard water, throw into the kettle a piece of carbonate of soda; but the latter should never be used unless the water requires correction, and then very moderately, for it is apt to destroy the delicate roughness of the flavor. Put your tea into the empty pot, and be sure you use enough. Some persons practise a foolish economy in this matter, and use so little that the product is not much better than plain hot water. Then place the pot before the fire, or on the hob, or, still better, on the hot plate of an oven, till the tea is well heated, but, of course, not burnt; then pour upon it the boiling water; and a fragrant infusion of good strength is instantly produced.

Syrups of Fruit.

These are prepared in a similar manner to capillaire, substituting the juices of the fruit in place of the water; in this way it is very easy to make syrup of oranges. Before the oranges are squeezed, to express their juice, each orange should be well rubbed or grated with the lump sugar—by so doing the fine flavor of the rind is preserved. All these syrups are drank by diluting them with water. About a wine-glassful of syrup to a tumbler of water will be found to make a pleasant draught.

To whiten Linen that has become yellow.

Cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk, and hang it over the fire in a wash-kettle. When the soap has entirely melted, put in the linen, and boil it half an hour. Then take it out; have ready a lather of soap and warm water, wash the linen in it, and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last.

Turkey hashed.

Cut up the remains of a roasted turkey; put it into a stewpan with half a gill of Sherry wine, shallots, truffles, mushrooms, chopped parsley, salt, pepper, two spoonsful of cullis, and a little stock; boil half an hour, and reduce to a thick sauce; when ready, add a pound of anchovies and a squeeze of lemon; skim the sauce free from fat, and serve altogether.

Forced Turkey or Fowl.

Take all the bones from the turkey; fill it again with either good sausage meat or veal forcemeat, with or without truffles, as may be required; bruise it in a cloth, keeping it a good shape; when done, glaze the breast a good color; use silver skewers to ornament with, and any of the sauces named, or a fricandeau sauce, under it.

Excellent China Ink.

Finest lamp black, 75 parts; thick mucilage, 15 parts; strong ink, pale new, 50 parts; ox gall, 12 parts. Grind them well together, and if too soft evaporate a little of the water by a gentle heat; if too thick add more ink.

Candied Orange Peel.

Soak the peels in cold water, which change frequently, till they lose their bitterness; then put them into syrup till they become soft and transparent. Then they are to be taken out and drained.

To bake Apples.

Gouge out the eyes and fill them with sugar; set the apples in a pie plate, pour in a teaspoonful of water, and bake. Eat with cream and the juice found in the dish when done.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THOUGHT AND ENERGY.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

Like two vast rivers of unfailing flow,
Are Thought and Energy. Solemn, and clear, and deep,
Taking its mighty way with silent sweep,
To Time's all-whelming ocean, Truth doth throw
Each mirrored object back with perfect youth,
And with unfretted waters moveth by,
Bearing each burden with a quiet ruth,
Flows fair along: its face reflects the sky.
But list! the loud thunder shakes the rocks around,
And rushing waters rend the rumbling ground,
While awe-struck nations laud the turgid sound,
Confounding wisdom with its minstrelsy;
Thus noise and silence—Thought and Energy!

MERIT.

O that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly; and that dear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare;
How many be commanded, that command;
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honor; and how much honor
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnished!—SHAKSPEARE.

LABOR.

Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not: see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it. 'Tis the primal curse,
But softened into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.
COOPER.

MELODY.

O, surely melody from Heaven was sent
To cheer the soul, when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.
KIRKE WHITE.

A Legend of the Mississippi.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

IOWA, THE SNOW-FEATHER:

—OR,—

THE INDIAN HEART.

BY MARTHA W. BENTON.

FAR to the Northwest, among the shades of that long, deep stream that stretches from northern boundary to southern bay, and whose waters flow through the most varied and delightful scenes, our little adventure is laid. It was, two hundred years ago, a region remote from noise and broil; the woods were unscathed and the soil unbroken, where no daring prow had yet disturbed the waters that laved the territory of the Chippeways. And here the wigwams clustered, the council fires were lit, the calumet broken, and the war-path chosen. None had taught to the "children of the forest" the dangerous flame of pride, and no hand had then fanned the wishes of ambition.

The days rolled on, and every life was spent as those in centuries gone; the mountain's top, and the river's changeful flood, supplied the wants of the red man; and hardy and brave to every woe and want, the marks of age impressed them with slight hand, and they yielded up their breath, as their sires had done, with sternness, and guided their canoes through the silver rivers in that celestial hunting-ground beyond the vale of death. And now as "we lift the twilight curtains of the past," and retrace, in imagination, the haunts here described, though we pity, we cannot but admire the characters and the figures of these groups that so beautify and hallow the memories of Columbia.

Hawk-Eye, the chief of chiefs, and the most dauntless and vindictive of his nation, the sachem of the Chippeways, sat in council and decreed his stern will in those shady and well-watered solitudes that we have described as arching the birthplace of the Queen of Waters. His wigwam rose in its picturesque beauty deep among the forest solitudes, with its walls of pine and roof of bark, down through which the sunlight gleamed on the bear's-hide and the red deer-skin that formed the royal couch of his daughter, the Indian princess Iowa, or the Snow-Feather.

No deer that bounded amid the moonlight shades of the Missouri, was fleeter of foot or more delicate in form—no wild-bird that warbled its morning song amid the forest leaves, had a sweeter voice than Iowa; and no gentle maiden, with all the soft love that genial clime and fond encouragement can actuate, had a greater power to soothe the wretched and sympathize with sorrow.

It was ten weary summers since the forest-leaves had been heaped to form the mound where she who gave the maiden birth was laid with funeral pomp. And this only child beguiled the warrior's heart, and cheered with woman's gentlest power, when sorrow, that makes the boldest hearts yield, laid its burden on him. So with a laugh that rang like the gladdest echo of April's sky, and eyes that flashed in their dark pride when the slight form bounded to greet the warrior returned, or, shrouded in their dark lashes, watched the tiny fingers that were stringing beads and shells, or weaving bright-hued mats beside the lodge fire, this child of the forest strengthened and roved free.

Slightly robed, with dark hair flowing over her graceful shoulders, Iowa swam the lake, climbed the tree, and with her minute arrow struck the bird upon the wing, tracked the hunter's path through the winter's wood on her snow shoes, and glided in her frail canoe down the Mississippi's tide. Such was Iowa, the princess of the Chippeways. Stern, rigid and unflinching, Hawk-Eye regarded each wayward freak of his lovely daughter with a jealous eye. Each warrior bowed before her hut; none, as yet, had been allowed to touch the slender hand, or glance into the depths of the dark eye and seek to read its lore.

One morning Iowa, the Indian maid, actuated by that fondness for dances through the greenwood and in the forest shades, amid dark flowing foliage, sprang away from her couch while the morning mists yet hung upon the lake and mountain-top, and with traditions filling her mind, allowed the sun to reach its high noon, and even the shades of evening to draw their curtains over day, ere she retraced the path which, with a mind full of memories and legends, she had traced through the forest.

Wahbu-nunge, the Big Elk, a young sachem of the Winnebagoes, had long watched the glowing beauty of the princess of the Chippeways. Old feud and wrong had broken the calumet between the tribes, and the haughty demeanor of Hawk-Eye, of the Chippeways, had only served to widen the breach, and they had now come to open war. Notwithstanding the hatred of the dark sachem, it seems not to have been transferred to the daughter; and at wayside meetings on the deer trail, Iowa and Big Elk had allowed to the heart of each other that electric influence that to them had grown at first sight.

The warrior's mien, as he bounded this morning to the side of Iowa, was gentle, and his tones, for one so used to the war-cry and the yell of victory, was soft and melodious. The haughty bird, whose plumes mingled with his coal-black hair, could scarcely, when in the pride of life he darted from his cliff, have shown a loftier spirit than the sachem of the Winnebagoes, when he took the slender hand of Iowa in his, and bowed his head to whisper in her ear his tale of constancy.

"Snow-Feather! when I came to the wigwam of the Hawk-Eye to bring the tomahawk of war, my eye noted thy beauty, and my heart owned thy gentleness and grace. The Son of the Winnebago points not his arrows of flint at the dark-haired Iowa, whose eye is like the star, and her foot fleet as the woodland deer! The Son of the Winnebago would bring thee to his own wigwam, would wear thy wampum, and bring to thy home the trophies of the chase."

The Snow-Feather held down her head for a moment; then erecting it again, like the antelope that pauses ere it flies from danger, she turned, and bending her deep gaze upon him, she whispered:

"The Hawk-Eye has broken the calumet with the Son of the Winnebago. My father's quarrels are mine; but Snow-Feather would save the Big Elk from her father's ire. When the sachem brings his warriors into the field, let the Son of the Winnebago take no scalps from the Chippeway warriors, but let the white deer skin bring the war-paths together, and the hatchet be buried where they meet. Then Snow-Feather may sit at the feet of the Big Elk, and weave his wampum and braid his mat."

Ending her speech in this abrupt manner, she darted from the sight of the Winnebago chief, and like an arrow fled through the forest to her father's wigwam, where Hawk-Eye sat among his braves, and meditating on the scalps of their enemies.

He was a noble specimen of the Indian king, tall, sinewy and lofty in mien, with the most intelligent eyes and boldest voice—a true type of the stoic of the woods, and the fear of all who were not his allies. His scalp-lock was adorned with a tuft of gray eagle's plumes, and his moccasins were ornamented with the most elaborate skill. At his belt hung the scalp-knife and the glaring tomahawk, and a necklace of shark's teeth and the finger-nails of the wild cat and the bear, and ear-hoops of monstrous dimensions, completed his dress. New wrongs had been heaped upon them by their enemies, and the council had been convened in the wigwam of the sagamore. Nervous with the swelling rage of one who broods on hoarded wrongs, Hawk-Eye rose and thus began his harangue:

"Children, I call to arms; the Chippeway warrior would not yield his claims to the hunting-grounds of his father, I know! and the Winnebago chief has sent the hatchet to the Hawk-Eye, who has already cowered for the sake of the peace once formed between our fathers. Should the mountain bird yield its nest to the vulture? Warriors, I have broken the calumet with these foes of our tribe, and ere the next moon wanes, where the wigwam of the Big-Elk stood, shall be his tomb."

Snow-Feather, the princess of the Chippeways, had entered and seated herself beside the haughty sachem. The words of his rallying speech entered deep into her heart, and they paled the cheek of her who had dared to speak soft words to her father's foe. The warrior bent his eagle eye on her who had so long been his pride, and all the affection of the Indian heart was kindled as he gazed.

"Thou art young in winters, my beautiful, thy feet are swift in the woods, and thy heart is gentle as the silver moonlight on the lake; but thou wouldst scorn the warrior who failed to tame thy father's enemy, I know, or thou art not the daughter of thy mother."

Iowa felt the blood leave her cheek, and flow back to its fountain in her heart, at such a scrutiny of her thoughts, and she hastened to turn aside the attention of the council from herself; but the Hawk Eye had chosen from among his braves, the elected one for the princess Iowa, and now he preferred his suit.

"Beautiful princess of the North, I sat beside the council fire and saw thy beauty; I tracked the deer through the forest, and you passed me with a bound like the fawn; I glided in my birchen canoe, over the lake, and you have dashed the spray from your oar at my side. For many moons the Hawk-Eye has followed the war trail, and I have hung the scalps at his belt, and he has promised me the hand of the princess Snow-Feather as my gift. I would sit at her feet and play my pipe while she strung my wampum, and every moon would bring around the dance and the love song."

Iowa reddened, and the quick pulse beat in her young heart; she knew that the Hawk-Eye liked it well, and that he would sooner die than do anything unworthy of a sachem's pride. He saw her faltering tongue, and he knew she hesitated. Proudly rising he turned to the elected brave and exclaimed, "Away to the war-path; the squaw will see the bravery of the young chief, and her heart will be proud of him. Go, brothers, and may the great spirit guide you."

Thus the war council and the betrothal ended, and Iowa was left alone with her maidens to await the issue of the battle.

Another moon had waxed and waned, and many of the warrior braves from the Chippeways had been laid in the burial ground of their fathers, with the faithful bow and tomahawk beside, and the dirge of battle been sung by brother braves, who had escaped the curse of war. Iowa had been again greeted by the elected of her father, and the stern decree of her parent had overruled the reluctance of the beautiful princess, and we see Iowa now, ere the sun arose, gliding over mountain top and by the river side, to gather flowers for her bridal head, while she thus soliloquized:

"I saw him lay on the sand by the lake; he was bleeding and beautiful, and I bound up his wounds; it was many moons ago. I met him in the forest path, and he brought me eagle's feathers, and sweet flowers; I have wove his wampum, and he gave me these little moccasins. Yes, the daughter of Hawk-Eye loves the son of the Winnebago."

Thinking thus partially aloud, she was at length conscious of the possibility of being overheard, and turning quickly to reconnoitre, her dark eye met the earnest gaze of Big-Elk the Indian lover. He once more bounded to her side, and whispered that soft, sweet homage, which, with all an Indian's eloquence, proved that though his heart was that of a stern warrior, it was true and constant.

"No, no, it cannot be! The pipe of love must be breathed in by other lips than thine. Do you not see the flowers I weave for the bridal feast? The Big-Elk must go alone to his wigwam, for the Hawk-Eye has given his daughter to the Chippeway brave."

She waved her hand and would have fled, but the chief detained her.

"There floats my birchen canoe; yonder spreads my hunting-grounds, and further beyond stands my wigwam. I sit beside its smouldering fire, and my thoughts are full of the Snow-Feather. I seek you in the forest, and I hear you tell your love. Would you leave me to my loneliness?"

"I will weave your wampum and string your beads," replied Iowa, "but the Hawk-Eye stands between thee and me."

Their interview was long and earnest, the Indian heart was filled with contending emotions of duty, fear, and love. Parental pride at length had its sway over the beautiful Snow-Feather. A dusky spy had watched the footsteps of the betrothed Iowa. It crept with a stealthy tread through the pathway in the woods, till it neared the trysting place of the Indian lovers.

Behind a leafy shelter, jealousy hid the warrior spy, and when on the point of yielding to the persuasions of Big-Elk, to a flight over the prairie with him, the unerring aim of Nature's archer sped death to the heart of the Winnebago chief, while the love confession was yet trembling on his lips.

Iowa the betrayed saw it all, and with a wild shriek she turned and fled like a frightened deer through the forest. The moccasin of the Indian maid came no more to the wigwam of the sachem. Many months passed, and the war-trail had been followed, and the scalp-lock braided beside the Chippeway camp-fire. Hawk-Eye, relentless in his pride, had never sought tidings of the beautiful Snow-Feather, and in loneliness he sat by his wigwam fire.

A day came when the warriors of the North were roving through the plains of their heritage, and seeking the deer and the bear for trophies of the chase. The river had been reached and the encampment taken the place of the active journey. Hawk-Eye was growing old and infirm, and though he scorned to give any place to outward acknowledgment of grief or chagrin at the loss of his daughter, yet it had a strong hold upon his soul. They overlooked the flowing river, and Hawk-Eye dwelt upon its dark flood, as if it had a link with him, while he gazed from a high cliff; for, on the opposing shore, there appeared the form of an Indian maiden. With a wild toss of her arms above her head, she made one leap, and plunged into the flood. It was Iowa the Snow-Feather. The Indian heart was bold, but it was gentle, and love could break it; and revenge actuated the maiden to delay her martyrdom till a time might come when a father's eye could see the constancy of an Indian maiden's heart.

Months passed. There was heard a dirge in the wild wood, and among the wigwams of the Indian sachems. The Hawk-Eye was closed, and the warrior had gone to the hunting-ground of souls. According to his own desire, he was carried to a high bluff that overlooked the cliff that had been the eyrie of the beautiful Indian maiden, and there arrayed in the princely garments that became his dignity, he was placed upon his war-horse, and the green turf piled around him until it covered the last waving spray of his eagle plume. And there the monument remains to this day, while the memory of the beautiful Snow-Feather lives in the dark ripple of that stream that bears its tribute to the queen of waters, and echoes along the forest, prairie, and meadows of Iowa, the land of the SNOW-FEATHER.

SERMONS.

"It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

"But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the minister.

"Yes," replied the lady, "but you are so long about it; I could write one in half the time if I only had the text."

"O, if the text is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon, 'It is better to live in a corner of the housetop, than in a wide house with a brawling woman.'"

"Do you mean *me*, sir," inquired the lady quickly.

"O, my good woman," was the grave response, "you will never make a sermonizer; you are too soon in your application."—*Christian Inquirer.*

ANTIMONY.

It is said that Basil Valentine, a monk of Erfurth, while engaged in his alchemical labors, threw some of the preparations of antimony where pigs had access to the mixture with their food; and having observed that after becoming sick they rapidly fattened, he thought that his friends might profit by the same treatment, and so he fed them in like manner with the swine; but to his disappointment found that what was good for the pigs was bad for the monks, for they died; and so the metal obtained the name of antimoine, antimonk, antimony.—*Medical Anecdotes.*

HOW TO WALK AND SIT.

Instead of giving all sorts of rules about turning out the toes and straightening up the body, and holding the shoulders back, all of which are impracticable to many, because soon forgotten, or of a feeling of awkwardness and discomfort which produces a willing omission; all that is necessary to secure the object is to hold up the head and move on, letting the toes and shoulders take care of themselves. Walk with the chin but slightly above the horizontal line, or with your eyes directed to things a little above your head. In this way you walk properly, pleasurably, and without fear of restraint or awkwardness. If any one wishes to be aided in securing this habitual carriage of body, accustom yourself to carry the hands behind you, one hand grasping the opposite wrist. Englishmen are admired the world over for their full chests, and broad shoulders, and sturdy frames, and manly bearing. This position of body is a favorite with them, in the simple promenade, in a garden or gallery, in attending ladies along a crowded street, in standing on a street, or in public worship.

Many persons spend a large part of their working existence in a sitting position. A single rule well attended to, in this connection, would be of incalculable value to multitudes; use chairs with the old fashioned, straight backs, inclining backward, and sit with the lower portion of the body close against the back of the chair at the seat; any one who tries it, will observe in a moment a grateful support of the whole spine. And we see no reason why children should not be taught from the beginning to write, sew and knit, in a position requiring the lower portion of the body and the shoulders to touch the back of the chair all the time.

A common position in sitting, especially among men, is with the shoulders against the chair back, with a space of several inches between the chair back and the lower portion of the spine, giving the body the shape of a half hoop; it is the instantaneous, instinctive, and almost universal position assumed by any consumptive on sitting down, unless counteracted by an effort of the will; hence parents should regard such a position in their children with apprehension, and should rectify it at once.

The best position after eating a regular meal, is to have the hand behind the back, the head erect, in moderate locomotion, and in the open air, if the weather is not chilly. Half an hour spent in this way after meals, at least after breakfast and dinner, in early life, would add health and length of days to women and to all sedentary men. It is a thought which merits attention.—*Journal of Health.*

Floral Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
The Acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness—
Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone Acacia tree.—MOORE.

Camellia Japonicas.

The superb appearance of this shrub, with its persistent foliage of glossy green, and splendid flowers, place it without dispute in the first rank among greenhouse plants. It is a plant of hardy habit, and will sustain a slight frost without injury of a serious nature; but it is liable to disease and ultimate death in a greenhouse or sitting-room, where the temperature greatly varies—as is frequently the case with dwelling-rooms, where the heat is high by day and low by night. Indeed there are few plants more susceptible to change, and the buds will from such transitions frequently become discolored and fall.

Aloysia.

This is a half-hardy shrub, with panicles of small pinkish white flowers and very fragrant leaves, which fall off in winter. It requires rich but light soil, well drained; and when grown in pots, it should never have water kept in the saucer In winter, after the leaves fall, it should be kept quite dry till the buds begin to swell, then watered frequently and abundantly, but water should never be allowed to remain round the roots. It is easily propagated by cuttings, and only requires to be protected from severe frosts.

Primula Sinensis.

A pretty plant, flowering all winter, giving a variety of shades in its blossoms, varying from red to blush, and even white. It will grow in any soil, and may be propagated by side shoots, which manner of propagation will preserve any particularly handsome variety. The plants seed easily, and the seeds may be sown in any season. There is a double variety of rose color and white.

Transplanting.

The points to be attended to in transplanting, are—care in taking up, to avoid injuring the spongioles of the roots; planting firmly, to enable the plant to take secure hold of the soil; shading, to prevent the evaporation from the leaves from being greater than the plant in its enfeebled state can support; and watering, that it may be abundantly supplied with food in its new abode.

Verbenas.

No family of plants better rewards the care of the cultivator, and none can be more beautiful than the Verbenas. The old scarlet Verbena melindres is the most brilliant of all kinds, though one of the most tender: it is a prostrate plant, and when pegged down, it is well adapted for covering a bed in a geometric flower garden; or it may be planted in a vase, or rustic flower-basket.

Warratah.

A very beautiful plant, so called because its bright crimson color resembles the true Warratah plant or Telopea of Botany Bay. It should be regularly watered in the flowering season; but it may be kept almost dry during the winter months. It is propagated by cuttings or suckers, which it has in abundance.

Villa-Shrubby Cressrochet.

This is one of the few Cruciferous shrubs. It is evergreen, and only grows two or three feet high, with glaucous leaves and bright yellow flowers, which appear in April and May. It will thrive in any garden soil. It is propagated by cuttings of the young wood planted in sand under glass.

Chorozema.

One of the prettiest of the pea-flowering family, *C. varium* or *varia*; has a leaf almost like holly, and when raised from the seed, scarcely two will be alike in foliage. It thrives in one-third loam and two-thirds turfy peat This variety is naturally shrubby and handsome.

Heath-mould.

Heath-mould is very often confounded with peat-bog, by amateur gardeners; but the fact is, they are naturally different. Black peat consists of vegetable fibre prevented from decomposing by a superabundance of water, but heath-mould is peat mixed with sand.

Brachysema.

A very ornamental New Holland climber, with fine large glaucous leaves and crimson flowers; it grows freely in loam and peat, flowering abundantly, and ripening seeds; by which, or by layers or cuttings it may be easily propagated.

Fothergilla.

American dwarf shrubs, with large, handsome leaves, and white, fragrant flowers. The plants should be grown in a moist, peaty soil, and are injured by severe frosts. The flowers appear before the leaves.

MARY C.—Loranthus is a kind of Mistletoe, generally found on the Oak; common in Germany, but not yet introduced here.

Jester's Picnic.

Authors are asking with looks of surprise why the Edinburgh Review has wanted the manliness to acknowledge the gross error it has fallen into respecting Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit." The error was one of more than the usual magnitude, and the entire refutation of it made by Mr. Dickens was made in his own name and in his own paper. This case reminds us of an anecdote of Douglas Jerrold.

"I wonder what Ottley means," said Dickens to him at the club one night, "the Chronicle used at one time to lay the praise on me as thick as butter, but now, there's nothing but abuse."

Jerrold coolly said, "He thinks you're a pig, and he's cooking you."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, good cooks always butter a pig well before they baste him."

In the village of Censaucey, in the Jura, a wolf was caught in a snare, which caused a deal of excitement and some joy. The wolf, after being led through the village, was brought to a solemn conclave before the church, when the people discussed the best mode of punishment. As a matter of course they disagreed.

"Let us hang him by the paws!"
"Let us drown him!"
"Let us beat him to death!"
"Let us burn him alive!"
"No," said a peasant, who was very unhappy in his domestic relations, "Let us marry him!"

A ludicrous incident took place in the Junction Hotel, Lafayette, upon the arrival of a train from Indianapolis. A gentleman and lady, inspired with sudden recognition, were observed to rush frantically into each other's arms, and the fun of it was, that, after a hearty embrace, they discovered that both "had the advantage." They were strangers, but the lady, mistaking him for her "dear cousin Charlie," had embraced him, while he, with a half defined recollection of having seen her before, went in lemons and "got squeezed." Their mutual embarrassment on the discovery can well be imagined.

A physician being called to a young lady who was indisposed, wished to feel her pulse, at which, blushing with that false shame which is almost an infallible token of the want of true modesty, and apparently dreading that the doctor should touch her naked arm, she drew down the sleeve of her gown close to her hand. The physician perceiving this, took up the flap of his coat, and entirely covering his own hand, while he affected to feel her pulse—

"A linen pulse, miss," said he, "should have a woolen doctor."

Wanted to Find—A Lost Wife.—In the columns of the Albany Times we find the following advertisement, which we copy *verbatim*, free from charge:

$8 REWARD The above Reward will be paid to whoever will cause the return to me of my wife Mary. She is of middle size, light complexioned, freckles on face, short hair, trimmed behind, and wears beau-catchers. Is about 15 years of age, and of a loving disposition, and had on three rattan hoops.
WM. SNOW,
cor. of Lodge and Maiden.

There is nothing funnier in Cockney vernacular than Jeames' letter, when he is in doubt about which to prefer of his two lady loves, Mary Hann and Haugelina He writes:

"There they stood together, them two young women. I don't know which is the handsomest. I coodnt help comparing them; and I coodnt help comparing myself to a certain hannimle I've read of, that found it difficult to make a choice betwigst 2 bundles of A."

An eminent *savant* was introduced at an evening party to a rather pert young lady.

"O, Mr. ——," she said, "I am delighted to meet you; I have long wished to see you."

"Well," said the man of science, "and pray what do you think of me, now that you have seen me?"

"You may be very clever," was the answer, "but you are nothing to look at."

A wretch of a husband, coming home at one o'clock in the morning, found his angel wife sitting up reading an old novel. With a coarseness almost amounting to cruelty, he took the book from her hand, and placed before her a pair of her child's socks, which happened to have holes in them, disgustingly observing: "If you *will* fatigue yourself, my love, with any work at such an hour, I would suggest *It is Never too Late to Mend.*"

Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight for it," said elder weasel, "but enter into partnership."

"Very good," said weasel the younger.

So taking the egg between them, each sucks the either end.

"My children," said Redtapes, the attorney, "though you have but one client between you, make the most of him."

RATHER DEEP.

Cousin—Charlie! just fancy what people are saying!
Captain Charlie—Well, Georgie!
Cousin—That—that—you and I are going—a—a—to be married!
Charlie (with presence of mind)—A—never mind, Georgie—we know better—we are not so foolish!

A Quakeress, jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truant, kissing and hugging the servant girl. Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peeped through the half open door, and rising with all the coolness of a general officer, thus addressed her: "Betsy, thee had better quit peeping, or *thee* will cause a disturbance in the family."

Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him:

"Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon. *Don't be afraid of it.*"

"No, indeed, madam, I shall not be. I've seen a piece twice as large, and it didn't scare me a bit."

An Eastern paper apologizes for several errors which crept into that paper during the sickness and absence of the editor. The following is one:

"Rev. James H. Brent, in an able article on education, was made to violate grammar and decency by speaking of the common people as 'them asses.' It is due to him to say that he wrote it 'the masses.'"

Man proposes, Woman disposes.—If you wish to propose, do it in person. Never make a proposal in writing. Your letter gives the lady time to "turn it over," and to look at the question you are "popping" to her on all sides. Besides, it is wrong to suppose that women can be taken, as London omnibuses are, "by correspondence."

A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that he was "one of the few. Such a jewel of a Christian—you cannot find his equal, you well know."

To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart; "I'll bet I will!"

Hugo Arnott was one day while panting with the asthma looking out of his window, and was almost deafened by the noise of a brawling fellow who was selling oysters. Said he:

"That extravagant fellow has wasted in two seconds as much breath as would have served me for a month."

Napoleon sent for Fouche one day, in a great rage, and told him that he was not fit to be at the head of the police, and that he was quite ignorant of what was passing.

"Pardon me, sire," said Fouche, "I know that your majesty has my dismissal ready signed in your pocket."

Napoleon changed his mind, and kept his minister.

We laughed, somewhat, a few days ago, at the reply of a fellow who had long been familiar with "building materials," to a zealous temperance man, who was exhorting him to quit drink.

"It's no use, Charley—It's no use. I shall keep on drinkin' till me or whiskey *is a corpse.*"

A traveller, relating the wonderful sights he had seen, among other wonders, said that he had seen a cane in South America more than a mile in length. The company were startled.

"Pray, what kind of a cane could that be?"

"It was a hurricane," said he.

At a trial last week a sexton, who had taken part at a marriage, was one of the witnesses.

"Well," said the counsel, "I thought your duty was to bury people, and not to marry them"

"Certainly," said the sexton; "but we must first have a population before we can bury them."

An Irish woman who had been convicted of illegally selling spirits, on receiving sentence, fervently clasped her hands and prayed that "his honor might never live to see his wife a poor widow, and obliged to sell rum to support the childer."

A down-east poet thus immortalizes the beautiful river Connecticut:

"Roll on, loved Connecticut, long hast thou ran, giving shad to South Hadley and freedom to man!"

A young English gentleman has recently enlisted in the army, giving as a cause, a "step-mother and three servants."

FLA[G]

LITERA[RY]

VOL. XII. M. M. BALLO[U]

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THE SCOUT:

—OR,—

THE YOUNG DRAGOON.

A TALE OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

BY EDWARDS KEELER OLMSTED.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXI.—[CONTINUED.]

The cry of the young girl was most unexpectedly answered. The door burst open and a young British officer rushed in, pale and wan, but with resolution depicted on his handsome features. At the first glance Agnes bent on the young man, disappointment mingled with expectation, as she recognized the hated and dreaded scarlet uniform, and she feared that the presence of a third person would only add to her troubles. This fear was increased and intensified when a second glance showed the new-comer to be no other than Lieutenant Arbuckle, from whose persecutions she had already suffered. She looked from one to the other of the officers in an agony of terror and uncertainty.

Hawkins spoke first.

"To what, let me ask you, Lieutenant Arbuckle, am I indebted for the honor of this unannounced visit?"

"I heard the cry of a woman in distress—that is sufficient warrant for my appearance."

The tone and the look re-assured Agnes.

"And pray, sir," pursued Hawkins, "how long is it since you have become a champion of rustic beauties—the protector of rebels' daughters?"

"Ever since a heavy domestic affliction opened my eyes to the claims of honor and duty. My brother's death has changed, instantly, miraculously, my whole nature."

"A miracle indeed!"

Arbuckle continued, without noticing the sneer. "I loved my brother dearly—though Heaven knows there were circumstances to draw us apart. I was wild and truant ever—left the old hall to make my way with the sword—and my mother ceased to recognize me—and called her elder born 'her only son.' Still I loved him—and when I saw his dead body brought into camp, I became from that moment a changed man."

"I congratulate you," said Hawkins, sneeringly, "on your conversion."

"Permit me," said Arbuckle, respectfully addressing Agnes, "to ask you, if you are here voluntarily?"

"I was decoyed hither," said Agnes, indignantly. "And by your fellow-officer."

"Then, Miss Barnes, I will have the honor to escort you home."

"Not without my consent!" cried Hawkins. "Unhand the girl," he added, seeing the lieutenant take the hand of Agnes—"she is mine by the laws of war."

"I have said, sir," said Arbuckle, sternly, "that this young lady is under my protection. Do you accept me for an escort, Miss Barnes?"

"With gratitude," replied Agnes.

"Then she goes with me!" said Arbuckle.

"She stays with me!" cried Hawkins.

"That remains to be seen!" replied Arbuckle, and he instantly unsheathed his sword.

Hawkins's weapon flashed in the air at the same instant. Agnes would have fled from the hut at the drawing of the swords, but Hawkins had barred her passage to the door and escape was impossible, until the issue of the combat now engaged in was decided. So she stood spellbound and transfixed while the bright swords crossed each other like intertwining serpents.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The combatants were equally matched in strength and skill, but the advantage of temper was on the side of the champion of Agnes. His antagonist was furious and inveterate, and fought with that blind fury which soon exhausts and weakens even the most practised swordsman. On the other hand, Arbuckle contented himself at first with acting strictly on the defensive. Whenever an opportunity presented itself he neglected to take advantage of it More than once in the early part of the combat, Hawkins laid himself open, and a quick thrust might have ended his existence. But the generosity of his antagonist, as often as this occurred, spared him the fatal consequences. This coolness of Arbuckle only exasperated his enemy yet more, but he soon found that his blind fury was unavailing. Then he changed his tactics. His extensions and thrusts became more guarded, and he watched every motion of his enemy with the eye of a lynx Once, after several minutes' fighting, Arbuckle was not sufficiently prompt in recovering from a lunge he had made, and quick as